Texas Chainsaw Massacre:
The Origin

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DARKNESS REIGNS

IN THE BEGINNING.

The words drift into the ether, vanishing, before we

FADE UP: ON:

1 **EXT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - TRAVIS COUNTY - DAY** 1

Sunless sky. Godless ground.

Insert Legend: August 10th, 1939.

THUMP(OS)

2 **INT. WORK-FLOOR SLAUGHTERHOUSE - TRACKING SHOT DAY** 2

CAMERA CREEPS ACROSS

The filthy, wet floor, an obese WOMAN, her back to us, hunkered over a crude conveyor belt. The rhythmic clamor of

THUMP.

Stamping unseen items, her bloated body squirms in grand discomfort. Shifting. Shaking. Suffering.

THUMP.

PUSHING CLOSER, we see the beefy by-product making its way into frame flanks of raw red meat.

THUMP. Now certified USDA Grade.

But we're most concerned with the overfed but undernourished woman(let's call her SLOANE)perched on a rickety bench.

CAMERA STOPPING inches from her, close enough to kiss, her corpulent body heaving with each labored breath.

CIRCLE to take in Sloane's fleshy face just as she hollers

SLOANE
Boss, I need a bathroom break!
(to herself)
Please, dear Lord, help me.

Veins throbbing. Heart pumping. Eyes bursting.

WIDER: The lone worker on the premises, Sloane's desperate call goes ostensibly unheeded.

SLOANE'S STUBBY HANDS fondle the crucifix on her neck. As if in silent prayer.

SLOANE gyrates atop the bench. Look closely and you'll see a trickle of liquid leak down her leg(Urine? Blood?)

SLOANE'S BODY flinches. Flutters. Falls.

Collapsing to the floor as thick flanks flood over the conveyor belt edge, plopping down one after the other.

But Sloane, alas, has bigger concerns.

In the throes of galvanic spasms, she emits another yodel of pain. Garnering the belated interest of her - -

SUPERVISOR, who storms into frame, COKE-BOTTLE GLASSES unable to obscure his raging apathy and knee-jerk cynicism.

SUPERVISOR
S'what you get for drinkin' on the job

But his words expire. And his eyes expand.

And Sloane's screams become more vile, reaching a far from cathartic crescendo as.

..Sunlight breaks beatifically across her face from a nearby window, an oddly angelic glow to her as.

.The supervisor drops down beside Sloane, her body violently quaking, her tendons bursting as she strains to squeeeeeeze.

Until her screams halt. And her convulsions cease.

The residual silence is deafening.

Befuddled, the supervisor feels for a pulse, his reaction telling us all we need to know: SLOANE'S DEAD.

And there's a beat before we hear an embryonic and atavistic WAIL. It sounds almost like Dear God, no a baby.

And we see a milky liquid oozing from beneath her dress, pooling around the already filthy floor. And wait

.Is that an umbilical cord? A sack? A blur of tiny arms?

And the supervisor dares venture a glance past Sloane's belly to see what she's spawned

Lurching reflexively back. Aghast with what he beholds.

SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)
Dear God help us.

Off his mortified expression, we slowly FADE TO BLACK:

3 **EXT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE TRAVIS COUNTY NIGHT** 3

SILENCE. Soon yielding to a rhapsodic CLAMOR growing louder, coming closer. The sibilant sound of BUZZING before --

LIGHT BLEEDS THROUGH

And we realize we're looking from inside A DUMPSTER(POV)as LUDA MAE comes into view, inching over the edge, peaking down at us through a blizzard of flies.

WIDER: Luda Mae trudges down a line of dumpsters behind the slaughterhouse, pulling refuse from within...

Behind her, we see the bounty she's collected. Discarded, half-eaten and justifiably rejected meat and bone.

She settles on the final dumpster, her last hope.

CLOSE ON LUDA MAE'S FILTHY BARE-FEET, on her tip-toes in order to reach inside the dumpster...

INSIDE DUMPSTER CLOSE ON HER HANDS

Sifting through the discarded detritus: Paper, bones, meat. And something else. In the corner.

A USDA GRADE WRAPPER

Moving on its own accord. Something inside. Something ALIVE.

CLOSE ON LUDA MAE'S EYES. Utterly engrossed, unblinking, she leans closer, positioning her body to lift the abandoned baby, before we FADE TO BLACK:

4 **INT. HOUSE - TELEPHONE ROOM NIGHT** 4

SILENCE. Ceding to the sounds of CRINKLING, the corners of our once bleak world(BABY HEWITT POV)unfolding.

THE SCALES FALLING FROM OUR EYES

It s clear that we're still embalmed in the USDA wrapper.

Squinting through a hazy mist, we're focused on a patch of torn wallpaper before

LUDA MAE fills frame. Appraising us with unblinking eyes, enamored. And soon a shadow falls over us, A YOUNG HOYT.

He leans closer. Snorts. Snaps:

YOUNG HOYT
That's the ugliest thing I ever seen.

And for a moment we see WHAT HOYT SEES: Deformed features. Gnarled teeth. Pocked flesh. Shark eyes.

A mere glimpse, it's enough to startle and stain.

But despite the revolting sight, Luda Mae composes a maternal grin, reaching out to us, her hand eclipsing the light as we

FADE TO BLACK:

Insert Legend: 31 years later.

FADE UP: ON:

THE SUN

Burning bright, casting shadows and silhouettes below as we see the outline of several men loading into trucks.

Diminishing over time, drifting away. Leaving a vacant stretch of land behind, before we -- PAN OVER TO SEE:

5 **EXT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - - TRAVIS COUNTY DAY** 5

A windowless womb. Still sunken. Still riddled with decay.

But we're most struck by THE SIGN nailed into the soil:

"CONDEMNED BY AUTHORITY OF THE TEXAS HEALTH DEPARTMENT"

6 **INT. WORK-FLOOR - - SLAUGHTERHOUSE LONG SHOT DAY** 6

And from an elevated angle, we squint through the distance to see a MONSTROUS MAN at work.

The lone worker left, he straps an animal onto a bench, a large mallet by his side, until

A MAN'S FACE fills frame, obstructing our view of the worker.

SUPERVISOR (O.S.)
What s that diseased freak still doing here?

We realize we're watching from the ambient confines of an

7 **INT. OFFICE START ON THE SUPERVISOR DAY** 7

Same COKE-BOTTLE GLASSES on his aquiline nose, two decades have done little to dull his reptilian charm.

He turns to face his LACKEY, an impish elf, he's got the personality of a dial-tone. A human shrug.

LACKEY
He likes it here.
(then)
I did the inventory, boss. Got all the equipment.

See WORK TOOLS arrayed along an otherwise empty desk. The acute eye will note A CHAINSAW among the items. The office otherwise vacant save several boxes.

SUPERVISOR
We closed for good now. That ugly beast don't need to be here no more.
(points to work-floor)
He's killin' my animals. With my tools.
(turns back to lackey)
We need to collect all the equipment, Judd. And we need to get that oversized retard outta' here.

LACKEY
(a gulp; a beat)
"We" sir?

8 **INT. WORK-FLOOR SLAUGHTERHOUSE TRACKING SHOT DAY** 8

CAMERA CREEPS BEHIND THE LACKEY'S FEET. Towards the relentless SOUND thumping in the distance. Moving over the wet, wood floors.

.Discerning THE WORKER up ahead. A hulking presence, his back to us, he's bent over a chopping block. Hammering away.

Pounding a MALLET into an unseen object. Over and over again.

Thwack. Thwack. Thwack.

MOVING CLOSER STILL, see the disorderly tangle of filthy flaxen hair twisting down his muscular back; see the lesions on his head; see the thin leather-strap stretched across the nape of his skull(holding, horrifically enough, a part of his face in place)

His features remain mercifully unseen.

And now, in addition to that POUNDING, we hear something else. Something ghastly. Something inhuman.

A whimper.

And we realize this man, THOMAS HEWITT, is doing his former job: Killing an unseen animal. Or trying to. But...

It. Won't. Die.

Flustered, out of breath, Hewitt halts. Trying to control his labored wheezing. Trying to focus his frustrations.

Finally, harnessing his strength, Hewitt takes several breaths before raising THE MALLET and SLAMMING it thunderously down.

CRACK! Obliterating the animal.

Which is exactly when the LACKEY steps into view. Ten yards away, girding for the unenviable task ahead.

And he ganders back at his boss - who beholds it all from the safety of his office. Leaving the lackey no choice but to forge begrudgingly ahead.

A few steps closer and he finds himself directly behind Hewitt, his meek voice cracking when he says:

LACKEY
Hewitt.

Nothing. Not an ounce of recognition.

LACKEY (CONT'D)
HEWITT.

And Hewitt begins to busy himself with the animal s carcass, ripping it open with his bare hands.

LACKEY (CONT'D)
We shuttin' down the place today. You know that, right? Shutting down for good. We ain't packin' no more meat, ain't killin' no more animals.

Hewitt continues tearing the animal apart. Gruesome sounds.

LACKEY (CONT'D)
But don't you worry, we'll clean up and all. Just leave the equipment. You just get on home now, okay?

And Hewitt stops. And walks off. But not to exit. To snare ANOTHER TOOL off a now visible table. .A LARGE CLEAVER.

And he strolls back to the table and the animal atop it. Hacking diligently away, carving the creature to pieces

The lackey swallows. Ganders again at the supervisor's office which Hewitt catches and looks accordingly, as we -

RACK FOCUS: Back to the supervisor's office. A tacit moment between Hewitt and the supervisor, before

LACKEY (CONT'D)
You gotta go, I said.
(another beat)
YOU GOTTA GET THE HELL OUTTA' HERE, YOU DUMB ANIMAL.

Hewitt STOPS(so, incidentally, does the lackey's heart)

And the lackey takes an instinctive step back. Watching Hewitt the way one regards a bee-hive after bashing it with a baseball bat. Waiting for the imminent eruption.

And Hewitt slowly lowers the cleaver. And just as we expect him to go berserk, he simply. .relinquishes his grip on it.

Big. Fucking. Beat.

And he bounds right past the Lackey, nearly brushing his shoulder before exiting this place.

And the lackey exhales relief, before

CLANG! He recoils. For he's just inadvertently knocked the mallet to the floor.

The lackey recomposes, giggling nervously, as we CUT TO:

9 **EXT. MOTEL - POOL TEXAS DAY** 9

MURKY WATER. Looking down into the depths A lake? A river? *A swamp?*

Filthy, we can barely see beneath its surface as RIPPLES corrupt its once flat veneer. Right before we see

A YOUNG MAN, surfacing. The crown of his head piercing through along with the blade of the pocket-knife in his right hand.

A bandanna on his forehead, he sharks surreptitiously closer, DOG-TAGS dangling from his neck..

VOICE (O.S.)
What're you doing. ?

YOUNG MAN
Shhh. Keep your voice down. This is how you sneak up on 'em, how you catch 'em...

VOICE (O.S.)
Catch who?

YOUNG MAN
Gooks.

VOICE (O.S.)
Only thing you're gonna catch in there is disease.

WIDEN to see the lad's in the shallow end of the corrosive, kidney-shaped pool.

The lantern-jawed golden boy ascends from the pool to reveal a chiseled torso and a prominent scar across his belly. The Marlboro Man gone to seed.

This is ERIC HILL(25)

But we're much more interested in the lovely lass sun-bathing on the outskirts of the pool...

Raven hair. Auburn eyes. Copper skin. And a serpentine shape that could make a bishop punch a hole in a stained-glass window. This is CHRISSIE(24)

But all you really need to know is, <u>she's our girl</u>.

CHRISSIE
And I already told you, I'm not going in that pool, Eric.

ERIC
Think of it as the last wish of a soldier.

CHRISSIE
You been gettin' "last wishes" all week, G.I. Joe.

ERIC
(playfully)
And you call yerself a patriot.

CHRISSIE
You know what I call patriotic? Me. Driving you. Across state. To go to Vietnam. For the second time.

ERIC
Shoot, you goin' all the way to Vietnam, baby?

CHRISSIE
(unamused)
Fort Bragg's far enough, Eric.

ERIC
You're just tryin' to change the subject.

CHRISSIE
And what *was* the subject...?

ERIC
Your aversion to gettin' in this water with me. Don't you see, girl? The pool's a, what d'you call it? What's that college word you used? A. .a metaphor.

CHRISSIE
(skeptical)
Oh, a metaphor.

ERIC
Yup. For life, see. You just gotta dive in.

CHRISSIE
Eric, you're about as deep as that water...

He ascends from the shallow sea, wading closer to her.

ERIC
I don't wanna fight. I just wanna have a good time with my girl. Can I do that?

And his hands go to her waist. Before they trade a deep and passionate kiss. Hands roaming. Lips devouring.

Before Eric halts. And once again unveils that dashing grin.

ERIC (CONT'D)
I got something for you.

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He pulls A RING from his pocket. Slides it onto her finger.

ERIC (CONT'D
That's a genuine Cubic Princess Ring.
Very hard to get.

And Chrissie's initial elation is undercut when she realizes

CHRISSIE
You got this from a Cracker Jack box,
Eric.

Indeed, the ring is made of pure, pristine PLASTIC.

ERIC
Had to eat eight batches just to get the
one I wanted. Almost had to give you the
Secret Decoder Ring.

But despite this, Chrissie quietly treasures the gift. Keeping in on her finger with a satisfied smile.

ERIC (CONT'D)
But there's something else I gotta give
you, darlin'

Without further adieu, Eric cups Chrissie in his arms. And summarily tosses her into the pool.

And Chrissie hits with a splash and a shriek, swatting wildly at the water, trying to tread, before we STARK CUT TO:

10 **INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY** 10

A CEILING FAN - UNKNOWN POV

Steadily churning, whispering with manufactured wind.

We look down at a bed, and are most riveted by the half-naked MAN atop it. His limbs strapped to the bed-posts by a ragtag assemblage of socks, belts and stockings.

Meet DEAN HILL(19) Possessing his brother's brooding good looks, his keen, incisive eyes set him apart.

And at the moment, he looks understandably vexed(though, not for the reasons we might think)

A listless Fay Raye awaiting his King Kong.

Giving us view of the room's crumbling infrastructure: Peeling paint. Torn carpet. *The Four Seasons this ain't.*

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VOICE (V.O.)
Ready. ?

ANGLE ON BAILEY(21) A tigress yet to be tamed, she strikes a coquettish pose, inspecting that TONGUE in a hand-held mirror. A lollipop body to go with her lullaby voice:

BAILEY
I'm gonna use my tongue in ways the Lord never intended. Here I come, cowboy.

DEAN
(flat)
Yee-haw.

In the bathroom doorway, she regards Dean.

BAILEY
Well, that didn't sound very *inspired*.

A sight to make most gay eunuchs prematurely ejaculate, Dean does, indeed, seem generally unaffected.

But Bailey, a nubile nymph unfamiliar with rejection, swaggers closer. All hips and attitude.

(NOTE: Through the lone window we see Chrissie toweling angrily off as Eric fervently apologizes.)

Bailey slithers onto Dean like a sexy serpent, peppering his chest with baby kisses. Working her way South.

Until she stops. And peers up at the preoccupied Dean.

BAILEY (CONT'D)
This may shock you? But most men are said to enjoy this kind a' thing.

DEAN
No, it's great. Really. Great.

But she's not buying it. .and neither are we.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Sorry. Just. .distracted.

And he easily liberates himself from the ankle and wrist constraints, leaning up to face the still prostrate Bailey.

DEAN (CONT'D)
(launching in)
How does someone go back there? How do you do that?

BAILEY
(a familiar sigh)
Doesn't make him any more heroic than you, baby.

Dean leans over to the bedstand, snagging his wallet and fishing his DRAFT-CARD from it, before

DEAN
I'm supposed to die 'cus a piece of paper says so. 'Cus my so-called number came up.

BAILEY
That's why you're not going.

DEAN
But he thinks I'm going, Bail, he thinks I'm going, too.

BAILEY
He's your brother, he loves you.

DEAN
It's not that easy. Some families send their kids off to college, mine send 'em off to war.
(almost to himself)
I'm already the black sheep.

BAILEY
I say you just walk right up to Eric and you tell him we're going to Mexico and you're not gonna join him in this stupid war no matter what some piece of paper says.

He rises from bed, troubled. Pacing the puke-colored carpet.

BAILEY (CONT'D)
You scared of him?

DEAN
(heard her just fine)
What?
(defensive)
'Not scared of him.
(low)
Scared of what he ll think, maybe

BANG-BANG. Knuckles on the window. Inspiring Dean to nearly yelp before recomposing and turning to see -

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11 **EXT. MOTEL ROOM DAY** 11

ERIC OUTSIDE THE WINDOW

A Semper Fi tattoo now discernible on his right shoulder.

ERIC
(muffled; through the glass)
Get your bony ass ready, soldier. We're moving out at 1700 hours. *Whoa-ah.*

12 **INT. MOTEL ROOM DAY** 12

Dean nods back. Turns to face Bailey. Gulp.

DEAN
Maybe, a little scared.

Bailey casts a playful glance down to his crotch region(os)

BAILEY
(a big smile)
Maybe, a lot.

13 **INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE SECOND FLOOR - DAY** 13

FROM BEHIND we see the Supervisor shutting the lights OFF in a fuse box, the scene darkening with each CLACK.

Until he's articulated only by a single dangling light-bulb. Enough to shepherd him back into his

14 **INT. SUPERVISOR'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER** 14

The supervisor places inventoried items into a box, halting when he realizes the mallet's still missing.

.Turning just in time to see HEWITT in the doorway.

SUPERVISOR
Go home. We're out of business. You and your family only ones dumb enough to still live here. Gonna sure as shit die here, too.

And the supervisor might utter another word but

The mallet's in Hewitt s hand

And in the air

Finding awkward purchase in the supervisor's neck. WHACK. Sending him crumpling to the floor.

Stunned, he grapples across the linoleum as Hewitt advances.

SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)
What're you doing? What in the Lord's name'r you doing?

Hand to his neck, blood pours from the open wound as he crawls closer to the desk, a PHONE atop it.

And the supervisor goes underneath the desk, reaching around to remove the phone from its cradle as.

.Hewitt wields the mallet again, swinging it across his body. But not at the supervisor. At the desk's leg.

And the desk crashes down on the supervisor's hip, equipment CLAMORING to the floor. The supervisor pinned beneath the heavy desk. A rat in a steel trap.

He strains to move towards the phone, every inch a mile.

And a word about this scene: The violence depicted is awkward, and clumsy and devoid of grace.

And Hewitt hovers behind the supervisor, mallet by his side. Stalking closer with venomous equanimity.

Through sheer grit and determination, the supervisor reaches the phone, dialing "O" before - WHAM!

The mallet SLAMS into his spine, arching him unnaturally.

PHONE (V.O.)
Hello, "operator" .Hello?

But the supervisor's in no position to answer, bellowing:

SUPERVISOR
NOOOOOOO!
(cowering in pain)
I'm your friend, Hewitt

And Hewitt halts. As if considering that, before CRACK! A blow to the face. A busted beak. Ample blood.

SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)
YOU MOTHERFUCKER! Fuck! You fuckin' fuck fuck!

His good-will gone, the supervisor squirms, the pointy desk corner partially obstructing our view of the

Battery of blows that reign down on him. Crushing. Cracking. Killing.

And we're treated to the ghastly sounds produced when mallet breaks bone, when flesh folds, when whimpering leads to.

SILENCE.

Save Hewitt's accelerated breathing. Staring at the detritus of his deed; it looks an awful lot like an animal.

He tics a glance to an inventoried item now strewn haphazardly across the floor. Sparse light articulating A CHAINSAW.

And Hewitt regards it with a reverence reserved for first loves and four-star generals. HOLD, before we - - CUT TO:

ZIP! A DUFFEL-BAG CLOSED.

15 **EXT. MOTEL WIDER VIEW DAY** 15

Eric hauls bags into the back of the Jeep, Dean following on his heels, wrestling with a smaller bag.

Chrissie and Bailey lift lighter loads, exhibiting decidedly less enthusiasm than Eric...

ERIC
Come on, y'all, look alive now. And take one last gander at that motel over there. 'Cus this here is your motel for the next two days...
(points to packed Bronco Jeep)
My last hours as a civilian will not be spent idle.

With this, he lifts the last duffel bag, tossing it into the Jeep(CAMERA POV) and sending us to momentary **DARKNESS:**

16 **EXT. SINGLE LANE HIGHWAY LOW ANGLE - DAY** 16

And in the distance, moving away from us, we see HEWITT walking down the desolate road periphery.

That CHAINSAW in his grip, hanging by his side.

LOW TRACKING SHOT BEHIND THE CHAINSAW and Hewitt's plodding feet moving down the highway.

A blood orange sky overhead, the sun assaulting us from above, Hewitt moves further away. Many miles to go.

A long journey ahead.

MUSIC CUE: Creedence Clearwater Revival's "Bad Moon Rising"

MATCH CUT TO:

17 **EXT. STICKY HOT ASPHALT - DAY** 17

And the residue of roadkill now embedded in it before we WIDEN to see the same sun beating down.

VROOOOOM! TIRES TREAD OVER us, before we - HOP A RIDE WITH:

18 **INT. JEEP MOVING** 18

Eric drives, Dean riding shotgun. IN THE BACK Bailey paints her toe-nails pink, a bemused Chrissie beside her.

John Foggerty warbles off the radio as we note THE CRACKER JACK BOX ring now on a chain dangling off the rear-view mirror

And Chrissie ganders out the window at the barren, endless stretches of land. Finally turning to face Eric, asking:

CHRISSIE
You wearin that cologne again?

ERIC
(a proud nod)
"High Karate." Good, huh?

CHRISSIE
Oh, yeah. If we could drop that smell on Vietnam we could end the war right now.

Eric Smirks. Can't help but sniff himself.

CHRISSIE (CONT'D)
So what re you gonna miss the most?

ERIC
Hmm?

CHRISSIE
When you're over there? When you're away from home?

A question that garners the interest of everyone in the car. None more so than Dean.

ERIC
You fishin for complements here?

CHRISSIE
Fishin' for the truth. Name anything.

And Eric's about to share the litany of items he longs for before retracting. Too painful to ponder. Then:

ERIC
Nothing. I mean, family and all, I guess. But Dean's gonna be there with me.
(pointedly)
Right, Dean-O?

Dean trades terse eyes with Bailey. A bloated beat before

DEAN
(flat)
Whoo-ah.

But his gaze invariably travels to Eric's shirtless torso. Specifically to his belly. And the scar residing there.

Eric follows his brother's eyes before looking back at the road. About to let it go without commentary, until.

ERIC
I do sometimes miss my innocence.

Eric finds this considerably more amusing than anyone else.

But then, all at once, conversation ceases with the faint but sonorous ROAR of...*Christ, it sounds like a chainsaw*.

REAR-VIEW POV: A battalion of BIKERS ascend over the horizon. Coming up hard and fast. Leather-clad vikings.

CHRISSIE AND BAILEY turn simultaneously to gander through the rear-windshield at the fourteen choppers enveloping the jeep.

BAILEY
Cool.

A phalanx-like formation, the ROAR is deafening. But even Bailey's given pause when she spies the SHOTGUN protruding from a side-satchel.

CHRISSIE
(off Bailey's goo-goo eyes)
(MORE)

CHRISSIE (cont'd)
I've found that it's best to flirt with men once they've taken their helmets off.

BAILEY
(eyes cast crotch level; low)
I'm not lookin' at their faces.

DEAN
(wheels his head around)
Flirtin' who's flirtin'?

Eric's heedless of the conversation, fixed on other matters.

ERIC
(to Dean; casually)
Pop the glove compartment.

Dean pays no attention distracted by a WHAP!

This followed by a furious succession of WHAPS the sound of these bikers smacking the side of the car as they pass.

A cacophonous clamor, it's a ritual of the road. But they smack the jeep so hard we half expect the windows to shatter.

ERIC (CONT'D)
(firmer)
The glove compartment, Dean.

Appropriately inspired, Dean opens the glove-compartment which unfurls to reveal... A .45

Its shiny steel undeniably intoxicating.

Chrissie and Bailey, gazes fixed on the deluge of bikers, remain unaware of the firearm before noticing that the bikers have begun to surge forward. Moving on.

But TWO BIKERS remain behind in quiet defiance.

Donning modified Panzer-tank helmets, WWI fly-boy goggles and ruby red bandannas, their features remain indiscernible.

The smaller of the two a Road Runner patch on his jacket peels down his bandanna. And makes a "V" with his fingers, tongue flicking lewdly out before.

.They rev their engines and catch up with their brethren.

BACK IN THE JEEP, everyone sighs with relief, breaths resuming as Eric reaches over, slapping the glove compartment closed, as we CUT TO:

19 **EXT. HEWITT HOUSE KITCHEN DAY** 19

The Sheriffs car pulls up to the back of the house. SHERIFF WINSTON(30's) a puff-pastry of a man with a very present belly and a very vacant stare disgorges from the Chevy.

He swaggers towards the unseen edifice as we HEAR the creak of a door and go to

UNKNOWN POV BEHIND A SCREEN DOOR

Through the torn, mosquito-infested, mesh we see a MAN's red overalls as Sheriff Winston trundles up the front steps.

We'll stay here, this POV, until otherwise noted..

SHERIFF
Thomas in there?
(no answer)
Alright then. We got a bit of a situation on our hands. I was just down at the slaughterhouse where that ape a yours killed a man. Killed him good. Now I'm on my way to apprehend him whatever that entails. And seein' as how he's your pet, figured you might wanna accompany me. Maybe "finesse" the situation fore I deal with it my way.

With this, he pointedly rests a hand on his holster.

And after a ponderous beat, a dirt-speckled PALM enters frame. Opening the door, as we - - CUT TO:

20 **EXT. ROAD HELICOPTER SHOT - DAY** 20

The Chevy. On the move.

A single-car. On a single-lane highway.

SHERIFF (V.O.)
And you know what else Joe tells me?

21 **INT. CHEVY - MOVING DAY** 21

CAMERA perched slightly behind the Sheriff, we discern the MAN in the passenger-seat, only the slope of his overall-donned shoulder visible.

We parachute into the Sheriff's rambling monologue.

SHERIFF
.Honestly tells me that you can bring a horse to organism with your finger? How crazy is that? I mean, who's the fool that tested that theory? Betcha' there's a bunch a' sore horses running around some farm somewhere, though.
(a beat; a thought)
Hell, like to do that with my wife, you don't mind me saying.

He casts an eyes to his passenger. Changes tone:

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
Stayin' here, with no more work, no more jobs, no more food, it's downright suicidal. I'm the last bit a law enforcement left and I'm moving to Michigan next week. Fuck this town.

He looks to his passenger for a reaction - when there's none -

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
But working this job, in this town, you get a lotta time to think. And I sometimes wonder...what makes a man a killer? I don't mind tellin ya' maybe you raised this retard-boy right, we're not takin' this drive right now. Some creatures are just not intended to interact with normal folk.

But he stops. And points. Like Ahab spotting the whale.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
Lookit' him. .taking a goddamn Sunday stroll.

Indeed, through the dirt and dust we discern HEWITT

Stalking the road periphery, the siren's strobe washing eerily over him as the Chevy veers towards the road periphery. .SHERIFF WINSTON

Halts the car just behind Hewitt, tires kicking up dirt adding yet another coat to the already entrenched windshield.

And Hewitt halts on instinct. Still as stone.

Anxious, the sheriff slaps the car into "park" fumbling to unclip the harness on his holster as he instructs:

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
Stay here. I ll let you know if I need you.

With this, he disgorges from the vehicle but we. .STAY BEHIND

With the passenger. Watching it all through the dirty glass

Everything from this point on will unfold from inside the car unless otherwise noted.

The continuous CRACKLE of the police radio adds to the ambiance as THE SHERIFF steps into our field of vision. On the left side. His pistol trained on the frozen Hewitt.

We heed his muffled but audible words through the glass

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
Put down the weapon, boy.

THE CHAINSAW. Stays clenched in Hewitt's grip. No reaction.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
We know what you done, Hewitt. This don't need to be difficult less you make it so.

But still, alas, Hewitt moves not a muscle. His gargantuan back inflating and contracting with each obstreperous breath.

And now, into frame, we see the PASSENGER in the car begin to fidget with something. His hands busying themselves as.

.The Sheriff continues to focus on Hewitt.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
Y'aint gonna get more warnings, son. Put. The Weapon. DOWN.

Realizing that he's making no progress, the sheriff turns back to us. Gesturing for us to come out.

And after a moment, and with a groan, the passenger exits.

But we STAY INSIDE THE CAR. Watching as THE PASSENGER enters frame, his features obscured by the mosaic of dirty glass.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
Tell your nephew the world a' shit he just stepped into. Last bit of free air he's gonna breath for some time.

PASSENGER
We got another problem, Sheriff.

That voice sounds awfully familiar, before we HARD CUT TO:

22 **EXT. OUTSIDE THE CAR ROADSIDE FAVOR THE SHERIFF** 22

As he tics a perturbed glance back at the passenger - who now stands behind him, Hewitt still motionless.

SHERIFF
What problem's that?

The passenger steps into frame. You might recognize him as HOYT. And, oh yeah, he's got a SHOTGUN in his hand.

HOYT
Who's gonna clean up this mess?

The mess produced when BOOM Hoyt pulls the trigger, and

THE CAMERA SCOOTS BACK

Providing us with a perfect view of the sheriff's head. Just before it explodes in a mist of scarlet and grey matter.

And still despite the proverbial fireworks Hewitt doesn't turn around. Simply stares into the distance.

And Hoyt looks blankly down, as if just realizing:

HOYT (CONT'D)
Shit, we just lost our entire police force...
(then; *tsk-tsk-tsk*)
So much violence.

Only when seeing the Sheriff's skull seeping onto the cement, does Hoyt express his chagrin:

HOYT (CONT'D)
Messy fucker, ain'tcha'?

He squats down, better able to remove the Sheriff's watch and wedding band before rifling through the former.

Unmoved by the FAMILY PHOTOS inside(the Sheriff with his young sons and wife) Hoyt takes note of Hewitt who hasn't moved throughout the entire event and assures him that -

HOYT (CONT'D)
Everything's gonna be okay. Nothing we can't handle so long as we stick together, same as always.
(then)
Just keep your hands off that uniform, need it nice and neat.

He stands upright. Smirks. Ponders. Then:

HOYT (CONT'D)
Go on home, boy. I'll deal with the clean-up here.
(a sigh)
Guess we're gonna have to figure out some life-style alternatives.

And with this, he begins "the clean-up" process as Hewitt resumes his odyssey, and we TIME CUT TO:

23 **EXT. HEWITT HOUSE - - WIDER DUSK** 23

LOW ANGLE: Our first real glimpse of the enormous abode, it resembles an architectural tombstone.

HOYT drags the Sheriff's naked body along, carrying a bundle of clothes as we PRE-LAP:

HOYT (V.O.)
That slaughterhouse was more important to this town than these fools'll ever know.

Part of the Sheriff's head gets left behind in the dirt.

HOYT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
.Only a matter a time fore the whole town's overrun by hippies and bikers...most families have already fled.

24 **INT. DINING ROOM HEWITT HOUSE NIGHT** 24

Hoyt at the head of the table, his back to us, as we SLOWLY PAN OVER to Luda Mae's incredulous face.

HOYT (O.S.)
Let 'em all flee, I say, let 'em head for the hills, for the cities that pollute the air and the soul.

PAN TO MONTY, head bowed into something OS, horrified.

HOYT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
.Not us; we're stayin'.

STOP PAN on the corner of the room. A figure encased in darkness, it takes us a moment to recognize. .HEWITT.

HOYT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
We will never leave our land, we will never abandon our place of birth.

Hewitt stares at the floor as if in search of lost change.

HOYT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
We are on our own now, people. And, alone, we will rise above it all.

BACK ON HOYT. A zealous look on his face, utterly impassioned:

HOYT (CONT'D)
And we will never starve again. People aren't gonna remember what we say here today. .but they sure as shit gonna remember what we do.
(a deep breath)
Let us say grace for the bounty that's been given us.

And we PAN DOWN on the bowls placed before them, filled with inscrutable meat. Luda Mae and Monty regard if with caution as Hewitt emerges from the shadows, and we TIME CUT TO:

25 **EXT. HIGHWAY THE EMBRYONIC SUN MORNING** 25

Beating down on the asphalt. The dawn of a new day.

We hear the clap of boots before HOYT steps into frame. He stares at us(CAMERA POV)with incendiary eyes.

.Eyes that are soon concealed by DARK SUNGLASSES, enabling us to discern what's reflected in them: THE ROAD

PUSH IN ON THOSE GLASSES until we're cruising down the expressway, flying at excessive speeds, covering miles and miles.

A blur of contours and colors before we see a car no, a Jeep coming right at us, a head-on collision.

And we're about to smash into it, before we PICK UP ON:

26 **INT. JEEP - - EARLY MORNING** 26

Dean drives now, a blanket covering Eric beside him, Bailey fast asleep in the back; Chrissie afforded no such luxury.

CHRISSIE
Eric. ? Eric?

Dean tics a glance at his ostensibly slumbering brother before clocking Chrissie through the rear-view:

DEAN
He's pretending. .used to do it all the time when we were kids.

CHRISSIE
Still does. Especially when he doesn't wanna talk about something.

They share the moment. Bonded by their affection for Eric.

CHRISSIE (CONT'D)
Next stop, I'll drive..

That, of course, elicits a response from Eric.

ERIC
(eyes still shut; a knowing smile)
Like hell you will.

And Chrissie's newly focused on the road now, nudging Dean so that he, too, can see what lies ahead:

POV: Over an intersecting highway, we see the cavalcade of BIKERS. Stopped. Half a mile away.

CHRISSIE (O.S.)
(low)
These people not sleep or something?

DEAN (O.S.)
Get all hopped up on drugs, drive through the night.

They trade conspiratorially eyes through the rear-view, before -

CHRISSIE
(pointedly)
How're we on gas?

A cursory glance at the FUEL-GAUGE tells us there's well over half a quarter tank left. But when we PAN BACK TO

Dean. It s clear what he's about to do, even before we

27 **EXT. GENERAL STORE DAY** 27

As it rolls to a halt, a sprits of dirt erupting before we PAN UP to see the Jeep's doors pop open.

Bailey and Chrissie slide out on opposite sides...

Bailey pats Dean encouragingly on the back a pointed gesture that Chrissie picks up on before

BAILEY
(to Chrissie)
Use the powder room?

Chrissie squints up at the still unseen venue.

CHRISSIE
Their version of "a powder room's" a bucket and a bowl of water.

But she accompanies Bailey inside, nonetheless, leaving Eric and Dean behind to sort through the silence, as we.

.See the location for the first time: <u>The gas station/general store from TCM2003</u>.

28 **INT. GENERAL STORE - - DAY** 28

Chrissie and Bailey slow instantly upon entry, taking stock of the dim and dank confines.

LUDA MAE inhabits the counter, her beefy paws on the glass top, eyeing our gals the way Sylvester regards Twitty Bird.

Chrissie wrestles a WAD OF CASH from her pocket. Peeling off several bills and handing them to Luda Mae

CHRISSIE
Three dollars, please.

LUDA MAE
For what?

CHRISSIE
Uh, gas.

Luda Mae pockets the cash without a word as Bailey leads Chrissie towards the back, halting on sight of something across the room

TWO BIKERS at a table. A man and a woman. Strayed from their pack.

Our gals move gingerly closer, the man(HOLDEN)a muscular menace, eyes them salaciously as his partner(ALEX)takes obvious offense at her boyfriend's apostasy.

The acute eye will notice the "Road Runner" emblem on her leather jacket as she eye-fucks Chrissie and Bailey, watching them duck into the bathroom.

STAY OUTSIDE as Holden lights a cigarette with a zippo. Turning back to his girl with a bemused grin that she doesn't reciprocate.

ALEX
Pretty. But looks can't last forever.

With this, she promptly produces a butterfly-knife, stabbing it into the table wood.

HOLDEN
Leave 'em be.

Alex only grins wolfishly back, bad intentions on the brain.

29 **EXT. GENERAL STORE - - DAY** 29

Eric grapples with the gas-pump, realizing:

ERIC
There's a first: A gas station without gas.

Indeed, the gas pump's impotent. Allowing Eric to appraise his clearly discomforted younger brother. Then:

ERIC (CONT'D)
You know what I am gonna miss? Sincerely miss? This. Just hanging out. Just doing nothin'. No clocks, no curfews. It'll take you a little while to adjust to life over there; the people, the language, the smell. But.

His voice trails off, thoughts lingering on a world away.

DEAN
But what?

ERIC
You'd be amazed the things you can get use to.

But Eric senses something amiss in Dean's eyes.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Something you wanna tell me, Dean?

Off Dean, inventorying his courage.

30 **INT. BATHROOM GENERAL STORE DAY** 30

A windowless womb, Bailey and Chrissie confer:

BAILEY
We're going to Mexico, me and Dean.
(off Chrissie's silence)
Well, what d'you think? *Chrissie*?

She averts her eyes. Struggling with what to say. Finally:

CHRISSIE
(soulful)
I say go. I say go and get the hell away from this place, from this war.

Which, of course, begs the question.

BAILEY
How can you let Eric go. ? How can you let him go back?

CHRISSIE
Eric's different. I tried a long time ago. Before it got in him.

BAILEY
Before what got in him?

CHRISSIE
(simple)
War.

BAILEY
I don't understand.

CHRISSIE
I think if you do something enough, anything, you eventually start to like it.

And that lingers in the ether before *WHAP* the door slaps open, HOLDEN standing in the doorway. Staring at them.

And Chrissie and Bailey stand frozen with fear especially when Holden begins unzipping his pants.

Right before he beelines past them, and we HARD CUT TO:

31 **EXT. GAS-STATION/GENERAL STORE - DAY** 31

Chrissie and Bailey spill from inside, hustling towards Dean and Eric who asks one more time:

ERIC
You sure you got nothing to tell me?

Before Dean can answer

CHRISSIE
Can we go, please?

ERIC
You didn't pay for gas, did you? Pump's broken.

CHRISSIE
Yeah, no. .we didn't pay.

She tugs on Bailey's wrist, spurring her silent as they collectively pile into the jeep, and we CUT TO:

THE STORE'S SIDE WINDOW, and the reflection of the Jeep recedes before LUDA MAE comes into view. Staring after them before picking up the phone.

32 **INT. JEEP MOVING - FAVOR DEAN DAY** 32

Embroiled in thought. Barely aware of the conversation around him. Thinking, thinking, <u>thinking</u>.

ERIC (O.S.)
What the hell we stop for? We got plenty a gas.

CHRISSIE (O.S.)
You Marines always say it s good to be prepared, right?

STILL ON DEAN, we watch as he vacantly removes a LIGHTER from his pocket. Then his wallet. Then the draft-card.

And with nary a word, he begins to BURN THE DRAFT CARD. And it takes a moment for Eric to notice, but when he does -

ERIC
What in the fuck're you doing?

DEAN
(a long festering explosion)
I'm not going, I'm not going. Rice paddies and hand-grenades. I'm not built for it, man. You came back with shrapnel in your belly, may as well been in your brain.

But Eric's more concerned with the immolating draft card, reaching over to violently swat it from his brother's grip.

Nearly losing control of the car, Eric pats the fire out before focusing back on his recalcitrant brother --

ERIC
What's the matter with you?

DEAN
You think I don't hear? I do. I hear you at night, wailing from what you've done over there. How could you want that for me?

ERIC
You fucking coward.

DEAN
Yeah, I'm a coward, okay? I'm a

Eric reflexively SLAPS Dean across the face. Hard.

BAILEY
HEY!

Dean reels from the blow, a palm on his newly flush cheek.

ERIC
You think you're the only one's ever been scared?

CHRISSIE (O.S.)
Shut up.

ERIC
You think I wasn't scared?

CHRISSIE
SHUT UP!

Unrevised

Everyone turns to see Chrissie who gestures to the Harley coming up fast on the jeep's right. ALEX behind the wheel gesturing for the vehicle to pull over.

CHRISSIE (CONT'D)
Keep going. Do NOT pull over.

But by now Alex has cruised up alongside the jeep, a sawed-off shotgun in her grip.

ERIC
(evenly)
Get the gun out.

CHRISSIE
What gun?
(no answer)
What gun, Eric?

ERIC
Get it, Dean!

But Dean's frozen, nearly catatonic, forcing Eric to reach over, about to slap the glove compartment open, before

Dean does the deed. Emerging with the .45, a foreign entity in his hands.

And Dean turns, firearm flexed but. .ALEX IS PULLING AWAY.

Before they can figure out why

Chrissie leans up, pointing dead-ahead, howling:

CHRISSIE
LOOK OUT! -

And without word or warning, through the front windshield

A COW -

Appears for a split-second. Right before we(POV)slam into the bovine beast -

But we only see the cow, this odd spectacle, for a nanosecond before BLOOD BURSTS onto the windshield

Obstructing our view of the road ahead before the JEEP tips over like a Tonka Toy, tumbling end-over-end

INSIDE THE JEEP a blur of limbs and teeth, everyone clings to each other like broken magnets until finally, mercifully.

Now Cinema

The Jeep stops.

Just. Like. That.

Right side up.

And we HOLD on the daunting silence until we FLICKER to.

BLACK

CLOSE ON A BUTTERFLY KNIFE

The one Alex left harpooned in the table-wood in the.

33 **INT. GENERAL STORE DAY** 33

Only now we're there with HOLDEN, staring at the blade before his ham-hock HAND comes into frame, plucking it out.

Knowing full well what his gal's gone to do.

And he sighs unintelligibly before rising to a stand, flicking the blade closed and slipping it into his boot.

And he exits, eyefucking Luda Mae all the way, only the CLAP of his boots heard over the hardwood, before we return to

BLACK

Hear the idling and unnerving RATTLE of an engine, before we -

CUT IN:

34 **EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY** 34

Prowling down the center divide, nothing but grit and gravel until we see a line of debris.

A confluence of car and cow parts, shattered glass riddles the road as that RATTLE grows louder.

STILL MOVING over the snail's-trail of devastation until we

STOP ON THE SPOKE OF A BIKE; ALEX'S BOOT descending onto asphalt, before we CUT TO:

35 **EXT. ROAD 50 YARDS AWAY - DAY** 35

The Jeep. Sits in the center of the road. Steam billowing from its exposed engine.

ERIC (O.S.)

Aw, fuck.

Bodies contorted, windows obliterated, scarlet speckles the interior. Making it difficult to tell whose blood it is: The kids. Or the cow.

Either way, blood's everywhere.

But there's quiet elation when Eric realizes that everyone's alive; that all major extremities remain intact.

Until another daunting realization sinks in.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Chrissie, where's Chrissie?!

A pertinent question in light of the fact that Chrissie's GONE. Only her backpack left. As if summarily snatched.

36 **INT. JEEP DAY** 36

And Eric untangles himself, glancing askance to see Bailey in the back. Hyperventilating.

BAILEY
(like a little girl with a tummy ache)
I don't feel so good.

And now we see it: Bailey's leg. Undoubtedly BROKEN. *Is that a piece of bone poking through?*

ERIC
It's okay...it's gonna be okay.

But it's not okay - especially when Eric ganders over at Dean who's motionless. Unconscious. Or worse.

Eric feels for a pulse, relieved with what he finds.

And he struggles to open his door, tumbling out onto the unforgiving asphalt. Finding himself staring at.

Boots, actually.

ALEX (O.S.)
Wow, maybe y'all are tougher than I thought.

Sawed-off shotgun slung over her shoulder, she looks 10 feet tall and bulletproof. Goliath to our David.

INSIDE THE JEEP ON DEAN, slowly regaining consciousness. Dazed and disoriented, he looks into the rear-view. Sees the state Bailey's in.

But Bailey seems more concerned with what's transpiring OUTSIDE.

And Eric's on a knee now. As if in prayer. Looking asunder at Alex who remains stoic as the Sphinx.

ERIC
You can help us.

And Alex grins. Right before leveling the shotgun on him.

ALEX
'Love to. How 'bout we get this robbery thing outta the way first?

INSIDE THE JEEP ON DEAN, surreptitiously searching for the .45 as he assures Bailey.

DEAN
(low)
Don't move, baby. .we're gonna get you help.

THE SHOTGUN inches into frame like the head of a serpent. Plugging into Dean's right temple...

ALEX (O.S.)
But who's gonna get you help, sweetheart?

STAY ON DEAN as he glances into the side-view mirror, taking note of Eric, ready to pounce - halted by Dean. Who nods a terse "no"

And, impossibly, a spark of salvation infects Dean s eyes.

Seeing this, Alex follows his field of vision to see.

ALEX POV: The Sheriff's Chevy materializes over the horizon.

And the shotgun barrel contracts, hidden inside Alex's knee-length car-coat as she instructs everyone to

ALEX (CONT'D)
Everybody keeps cool and I don't have to kill this Sheriff

And here comes Hoyt, swaggering over, inspecting the crash scene with ease and aplomb. Affecting the carriage and mannerisms of a stereotypical sheriff.

BAILEY stares at Alex from inside the Jeep just before averting her eyes. And inadvertently locating

THE .45

Under the passenger-side seat. And she tries to reach for it, but ouch her shattered femur proves prohibitive.

Unable to get it, she spits sibilantly at

BAILEY

Dean.

Only Dean's distracted, embroiled in events occurring OUTSIDE.

Alex turns to Hoyt, doing her best Eddie Haskell impression

ALEX

Glad you're here, Officer

KA-BOOM! Without word or warning, she's blown back by Hoyt's shotgun, a clown launched from a circus cannon -

SLAMMING into the jeep, a cantaloupe sized hole in her belly as she slumps to a seated position, body listless.

And there's a breath of silence, everyone processing what s just occurred as Hoyt leans down to inform the dying Alex:

HOYT

It's Sheriff, got it?

He glances up to see Eric on the move

HOYT (CONT'D)

I'm gonna need you to stand still, son.

ERIC

I'm gonna need you to stop waving that rifle 'round.

The shotgun in Eric's face inspires newfound compliance.

HOYT

(to Bailey and Dean)

You two, step outta' the vehicle, please.

BAILEY

You shot her.

HOYT

(a tip of the hat)

Just doin' the job, ma'am.

BAILEY
(a glance at Alex;
bleeding out)
You shot her in the stomach.

HOYT
You thinkin I should'a shot her in the head. ?

Dean gingerly exits the Jeep, hands raised in symbolic surrender as he gestures to Bailey and explains:

DEAN
She can't move. .she's hurt.

HOYT
(to Bailey)
Outta' the vehicle.

DEAN
Sir

HOYT
Outta' the car.

ON BAILEY, faced with an excruciating decision, she belatedly eases up, pain jolting through her every joint.

HOYT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Well, lookie' there, what'd'you know. .see what you can do when you put your mind to it?

And Bailey might scream. If she weren't in so much pain. But she manages to exit before stumbling to the ground.

HOYT (CONT'D)
(to Dean)
Good Lord, she's hurt. Why dincha say so, boy. ? I ain't no doctor but that don't look healthy.

He leans tenderly closer, shushing Bailey silent as if about to hum her a lullaby.

HOYT (CONT'D)
Now this ain't gonna hurt but a bit.

But despite his assurances, Hoyt smiles when he violently jerks the bone back into place.

Bailey flirts with shock, emitting a delayed but cataclysmic YOWL, before we CUT TO:

Cinema

37 **EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD BRUSH SAME TIME** 37

CHRISSIE'S EYES blink open, instantly cognizant of everything around her.

All ashiver, she crawls over the dirt, teeth chattering as she peaks through a gap in the brush to see.

CHRISSIE POV: Eric and Dean stand at-attention as Bailey stammers to her feet, avoiding sight of Alex's body.

And Hoyt paces like a demonic drill sergeant until he stops. And stares at the ground as if in epiphany.

HOYT (O.S.)
Now what in the fuck.

ON HOYT as he leans over to pick an unseen item off the asphalt, coming into view once he ascends: DEAN'S BURNT DRAFT-CARD.

HOYT (CONT'D)
Now which one a you pinko faggots is.
(squints at name; sneers)
"Dean Hill" ?

He offers up the ersatz card as if "Exhibit A"

ERIC
I am, sir. I'm Dean.

Hoyt sidles closer. Studying Eric through squinty lids.

HOYT
(offers hand)
Howdy, Dean. Nice to meetcha

After an unsteady moment, unsure what else to do, Eric takes that hand. Shakes accordingly.

HOYT (CONT'D)
(to Eric)
You're a coward, Dean. But you gonna have plenty a' opportunities to die a hero.

BACK ON CHRISSIE and our girl's in the midst of what might best be described as a panic-attack. Breathing labored, she stares through an aperture in her protective perch...

POV: Eric and Dean are cuffed by Hoyt as a wobbly Bailey leans against the Chevy, in a world of pain.

And we follow Hoyt(STILL CHRISSIE POV)as he moves back to the Chevy. Using the CB to place a call.

CHRISSIE frozen with fear. Downright immobilized. The girl standing by the side of the pool, metaphor turned to prophecy.

38 **INT. BACK-SEAT CHEVY - DAY** 38

Through the ajar door, we see Dean and Eric cuffed side-by-side, Bailey beside them as

HOYT steps into frame. Dragging something closer: Alex's carcass.

HOYT
Well, don't just stand there. .

And that's right, folks, Hoyt stuffs Alex's body in the back-seat. Loading her like a torpedo into a launching tube.

HOYT (CONT'D)
Grab her, goddamnit!

Appropriately admonished, Dean and Eric despite the cuffs try to pull Alex closer(all the while averting their eyes)

Stretched across the trio, Alex's body serves as a manacle of its own. Prohibiting mutiny or movement.

Hoyt exits frame before returning. As if just remembering:

HOYT (CONT'D)
Don't get no blood on my car.

With this, he vaults inside the front of the

And he settles in behind the wheel, squinting through the rear-view at his cargo in the rear.

HOYT
Everybody comfy. ?

He catches Eric's angry eyes through the rear-view:

HOYT (CONT'D)
You got something to say, Dean?

And there's a bloated beat, Bailey and Dean quietly begging Eric to back down before.

ERIC
No. Nothing.

Hoyt starts the car. Grins his ghoulish grin.

HOYT
And we know you wouldn't lie to me, right, Dean. ?

That smile stays fixed as Hoyt wheels off, and we -CUT TO:

39 **EXT. ROADSIDE DAY** 39

.Across the landscape.

PAST Alex's blood on the highway and the mishmash of items arrayed around the wrecked jeep, until we find ourselves.

ON CHRISSIE, a farrago of emotions flickering across her face:

Rage. Fear. Guilt. Despair.

It's enough to get her on her feet. Legs gelatinous, she stares at the jeep, marshalling strength in order to move.

And she steps tentatively from the brush, negotiating nearly tip-toeing now towards the jeep...

Through a tidal-wave of tears, she surveys the scene and the crush of items scattered along the road.

And then as if oxygen equaled courage she gulps a deep breath and slips into the front-seat of the.

Hands atremble, Chrissie turns the key in the ignition in a victory of hope over experience, but.

No. Go.

Not even a spark.

She tries again.

Nada.

Her gaze next goes to the glove-compartment, the open lip empty. No sign of the .45

Seeing her backpack and other assorted items in the rear of the jeep, Chrissie crawls into the BACK SEAT

On all fours, she grapples through the mountain of t-shirts and trash, luggage and food. A carpet of crap.

Chrissie's search for the gun continues, her jittery hands sifting through the pile of errant items(QUICK CUTS)

Reviewed

But as the hunt grows more fervent, her body inches closer to the passenger seat. Unaware of the .45. Inches away.

She ducks under the driver's-side seat to see. .*nada*. Suddenly distracted by the RATTLE OF AN ENGINE

Spurring Chrissie up like a dyslexic periscope, peering outside the jeep to see

A TOW TRUCK ascend over the horizon, settling to a stop about 50 yards away. UNCLE MONTY steps out. Yaks into the CB.

Ears carefully attuned, Chrissie strains to hear:

UNCLE MONTY
(into CB)
You already look through all the shit on the road. ?

HOYT (V.O.)
(Filtered)
Is that how we agreed you'd address me over official FCC airways?

Monty smirks. Smarts. Says:

UNCLE MONTY
No, Sheriff. .

Heeding that, Chrissie ducks back down. Out of view. Right by the passenger-side seat.

Under which she turns to see, you guessed it. .<u>the .45</u>.

CHRISSIE'S EYES(REVERSE/GUN POV)expand in discovery.

Scrunched low, at one with the floor, her gaze strays up to the passenger-side rear window just as

UNCLE MONTY appears. Face pressed to the remaining panel of glass, gaze roaming about, hands pressed to preclude the sunlight.

CHRISSIE lurches down, face pressed to the floor, renewing ties with God before venturing a look back to see

MONTY'S GONE

And now, racked with adrenaline, she strains to reach under the seat for that firearm. But, Christ, it's

Just. Out. Of. Reach.

But Chrissie's moving closer to it, almost there, every muscle in her body coalescing to reach that pistol before

Monty on the other side. Blessed with the good fortune to look down and see the .45 that Chrissie s unintentionally shoved into view.

CHRISSIE. Closes her eyes, wondering if he saw the .45 move.

UNCLE MONTY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
A pretty little Roscoe, ain'tcha'?

UNCLE MONTY reaches over, gamely snatching up the firearm. Admiring it before slamming the door shut.

To see CHRISSIE, listening for signs of Monty, realizing she's just armed her adversary.

And time's rendered interminable, silence reigning, until

We hear the sound of an ENGINE starting, the tow truck triggering to life, Chrissie exhaling relief.

And we watch her body literally defuse, slowly rising, the threat dissipating, before

By her ear. Inches away. Monty trying to gain admission. But the door's fortuitously broken. Forestalling entrance.

MONTY ganders inside the shattered glass, Chrissie obstructed from his vision before he, once again, recedes.

And we hear another LOUD CLANG, the jeep jolted by some unseen force as a realization settles across Chrissie's face.

And the jeep begins to quake as if atop San Andreas Fault. And we realize that the Jeep is moving.

40 **EXT. CRASH ROAD - - DAY** 40

Monty's tow truck pulls the Jeep along, veering down the road, diminishing in the distance, before we CUT TO:

41 **EXT. HEWITT HOUSE / CHEVY DAY** 41

Hoyt navigates through treacherous terrain, the car RUMBLING along, Alex's carcass assaulting Dean, Eric and Bailey.

It might be funny. .if it weren't so ghastly.

BAILEY
Why're you doing this to us. ?

HOYT
(mocking)
"Why're you doing this to us. .?" I'm the one askin' the questions: Why're you here. ? this ain't your land. You don't belong here.

DEAN
We were driving through, sir. On our way to Fort Bragg. To enlist in the Marines.

Hoyt arches a brow. Things just got interesting.

HOYT
You're a soldier, are ya boy...?

DEAN
(a bad liar)
I just wanna serve my country. Sir.

Without warning, Hoyt slams on the brakes, his cargo lurching forward, nearly slamming into the seat-back.

And things get no better as through the passenger-side window, we see the HEWITT HOUSE OUTSIDE. In all its evil infamy.

HOYT (O.S.)
I got a question for ya':

BACK INSIDE THE CAR. Hoyt turns askance to ask Dean:

HOYT (CONT'D)
You wanna be a hero. ?

Dean goes gulp. Swallowing more than oxygen.

DEAN
No. No, sir.

HOYT
You don't? What kind a soldier are you?

And Eric opens his mouth, about to speak before

HOYT (CONT'D)
SHUT 'YER FUCKING MOUTH! You don't get to speak; draft dodgers don't get that privilege.
(then; back to Dean)
Ain't that right, son?

Dean looks ready to implode, a bead of sweat bleeding torturously down his face.

Newline Cinema

HOYT (CONT'D)
But here's what I'm thinking: You're a soldier. And still you let your friend, this Commie bastard, burn his draft card? Makes me wonder what kind a' soldier you are.
(then)
Well, guess what? We gonna find out. Yessir, we surely gonna find out.

And with this vow, he disgorges from the car as we STAY BEHIND with Dean, Eric, Bailey and, alas, Alex.

Dean and Eric instantly fidget, doing what they can to escape as Hoyt diminishes towards the house.

Bailey, however, can't take her eyes off the house.

BAILEY
I don't wanna go in there...

Eric continuously slams his shoulder into the door, trying to shatter the glass, to nudge the door, anything.

But, alas, nothing seems to work.

And we FAVOR DEAN as he halts all efforts, eyes inflating with what he beholds(os)beyond the glass.

And in time, he nudges Eric - who does a double take, discerning the dark creature in the distance. Coming closer.

PUSH IN ON BAILEY who shifts reactively back. Mortified:

BAILEY (CONT'D)
What the fuck is that?

A MONSTROUS SHADOW eclipses them, the back door creaking open, as we HEAR:

HOYT
Come on, boy. .go get it.

And we see HEWITT'S ARMS AND HANDS reach into the back-seat, his grotesque face trammeled from view as he grabs Alex.

.And single-handily removes her body from the back.

HOYT (CONT'D)
Treat it like meat, boy. .like meat.

CLOSE ON THE FACES of Eric, Dean and Bailey as they heed Hewitt's labored wheezing, the rapacious sound of him pawing at Alex's flesh.

ERIC
(to Dean; a hush)
He knows.

DEAN
Wha -?

ERIC
He knows we're lying, he knows I'm not you.

DEAN
He doesn't know

HOYT'S FACE fills frame, glaring down at Dean when he asks:

HOYT
You ready, Private?

And off Hoyt's chilling smile, we - - CUT TO:

42 **EXT. JUNK-YARD WOODS OVERHEAD SHOT - DAY** 42

The heavens grey and gutted, we discern a vehicular graveyard. Vacant save a smattering of torn tires and twisted car parts, the Jeep is instantly the prized possession here.

Uncle Monty spills from the tow-truck, the .45 tucked into the front of his loose pants as he unlatches the link and -- *THUD*. The vehicle slams to the soil, reverberating through every bone in Chrissie's already tenderized body.

And once a sufficient amount of time lapses, she cautiously ascends to see (POV) -

UNCLE MONTY. Walking right towards her, his shoes CRUNCHING over the sound of stone and steel.

CHRISSIE. Crawls across the carpet, slipping out the passenger-side door and rolling under the jeep.

But, alas, the door's still ajar, Chrissie forced to close it with a quiet CLICK just before

Uncle Monty steps into view, none the wiser. Inches away.

CHRISSIE POV FROM UNDER THE JEEP

As we hear MONTY'S WHISTLING, his hands scurrying through the items in the back-seat. Sifting petulantly about.

PAN UP TO UNCLE MONTY

As he malevolently flings useless items aside, grumbling displeasure before we

DIP BACK DOWN TO CHRISSIE UNDERNEATH THE JEEP

And a good thing, too, since the next thing we hear is a ZIPPER being pulled down.

Chrissie clenches her eyes in anticipation. *God, no.*

And we hear the steady stream of URINE before we see the puddle forming in the dirt. Tickling closer to Chrissie.

UNCLE MONTY (O.S.)
Oh, yeah. .come on now...You got some more juice left in you, I know it.

The vestiges of his deed waning, Monty mercifully ZIPS his pants back up. Unaware of the girl two feet away.

And Chrissie exhales inaudibly as Monty recedes and her heart resumes beating(all be it at a still frantic pace)

Until; she turns. And sees the ROTTING CARCASS of a SKUNK close by. Skin meticulously peeled off, its near skeletal.

Someone's been skinning animals in these parts.

And Chrissie closes her eyes yet again as she spiders out from the Jeep's undercarriage.

Caked in dirt, she rises to her feet, ready to run until she notices two things looming in the distance:

1/ The Hewitt House, and 2/ The now empty Sheriff's car parked in front of it, its side panel strewn with blood.

No question where her friends are.

But our gal entertains no notions of heroism, opting instead to flee this place. Running for the road, as we CUT TO:

43 **INT. HEWITT HOUSE FOYER - DAY** 43

Cracks open, Monty ambling through, a nifty TRACKING SHOT providing us with a helpful sense of the house's geography.

Ambling through, leading into the.

44 **INT. KITCHEN - DAY** 44

.Where he loops his KEY CHAIN to a nail in the wall before snaring a BOTTLE OF SWILL from the refrigerator, guzzling it down as he turns around and nearly does a spit-take. Then:

UNCLE MONTY
Well, howdy.

Quickly unfazed, we REVERSE ANGLE to see BAILEY Sprawled on the floor. Tied to the kitchen table leg.

UNCLE MONTY (CONT'D)
How ya' doin' there, pumpkin?

He moves closer, Bailey all shiver.

UNCLE MONTY (CONT'D)
Ain't you purty.

He pats her head as if a docile animal in a petting zoo.

UNCLE MONTY (CONT'D)
Good girl. I'll be back later.

He punctuates this with a cackle as we RESUME TRACKING and move with Monty as he ducks out a side door, leading to the

45 **EXT. GARAGE DAY** 45

And Monty comes to a halt upon sight of ERIC and DEAN. Dangling from a circular tool holder imbedded in the ceiling.

Limbs stretched. Tendons torn.

UNCLE MONTY
(seemingly sincere)
Oh, my Lord. .you okay? Who did this to you?

DEAN
Help. .help us.

Eric's decidedly less sanguine, watching as Uncle Monty mimes as if he's going to help the boys down, before.

. .Swigging from the bottle and promptly SPITTING the liquid into Dean's face. Cackling yet again, before we CUT TO:

46 **INT. BASEMENT - - DAY** 46

Thump. Thump. Thump.

Heavy footsteps over tenuous wood. Pounding closer.

And we're on the move, our eyes slowly acclimating to the environs as we see A BULKY SILHOUETTE striding with us.

No question as to whom this shadow belongs; the slope of his shoulder, the heft of his back, it's. .HEWITT.

But he stops on sight of something. .something that pierces through the inveterate darkness. .something that gleans.

THE CHAINSAW laid out beside a medley of torturous tools.

And he beholds it as if planning to paint a portrait of it later. Moving not an inch. As if appraising.

HOYT
Just like the slaughterhouse, boy, ain't no different.

HOYT steps into frame, behind Hewitt, just before we PAN OVER to a table in the corner. Given better view of the confines, we're in **THE BASEMENT.**

And we're riveted not so much to the table but to what's atop it: ALEX. Her limbs dangling over the edge.

Awaiting a fate worse than death.

HOYT (CONT'D)
(a mantra)
Meat's meat, bone's bone.

Off Hewitt, reaching for a meat-clever, we CUT TO:

47 **INT. DINING ROOM - - HOUSE - START ON HOYT** 47

As he ascends the basement steps, immediately confronted by a skittish and agitated Luda Mae.

LUDA MAE
People gonna come lookin' for 'em, I know it. You made a mistake

HOYT
Didn't make no goddamn mistake.
(he stops)
Ain't no one gonna miss these creatures. Not one soul, not one. Not now, not when they gone.

And she has the good sense to step aside, allowing Hoyt to march past, before we CUT TO:

48

48 **EXT. ROADSIDE DAY**

A solemn shot of the solitary highway. Deserted, even the insects seem on strike.

But we hear exasperated breathing, hammering closer before CHRISSIE bursts from the surrounding brush.

All too happy to find the highway. Until; she sees how barren it is. An artery to. .*nowhere*.

Palms to knees, she leans over, trying to catch her haggard breath. Trying to figure out how to get help for her friends

Off Chrissie, her despair growing more and more profound.

49

49 **INT. GARAGE START ON CELLOPHANE WRAP - - DAY**

In Hoyt's crusty fingers as he moves towards Eric and Dean. And without word or whisper, he tears off a sheet of cellophane and begins to place it over Eric s face.

Wrapping it tighter and tighter, Eric's flesh turns blue as Hoyt keeps a steady gaze on Dean.

HOYT
We gonna make you into a soldier yet, Dean.

And the real Dean's in turmoil as Hoyt stops embalming Eric's face, watching the life literally drain from him.

HOYT (CONT'D)
(in Eric's face)
Why'd you burn that card, boy? You ashamed a' yer country?

But Eric, of course, can't answer. Eric, you see, can barely breath. His skin color resembling spoiled milk.

And then Hoyt takes it to the next level, unsheathing a BOWIE KNIFE from his belt to Dean's consternation.

HOYT (CONT'D)
Why don't I show you what mighta' happened to you in Vietnam? Show you what you missed out on.

Eric losing oxygen fast tics a desperate glance to Dean as the jagged blade moves closer to his throat.

HOYT (CONT'D)
(to Dean)
What do you think, soldier? What's the proper penalty for treason?

And Eric can barely gasp now, on his last breath

HOYT (CONT'D)
Huh? What's that? Can't hear ya

DEAN
Please, no, please.

HOYT
Hmm? Speak up, son.

And Eric's head's lolls forward, fading fast...if it slumps more, it'll naturally meet the curve of that blade.

Just about to pierce the skin before - -

DEAN
I'M DEAN, I'M DEAN.

Hoyt holds Eric's collapsing head in place. Squints. Says:

HOYT
What's that? - You're not making any sense, boy.

DEAN
Can you let him breath, sir, please?

HOYT
Now wait a second, you're Dean?

DEAN
Yes, YES! I'm fucking Dean!
Please...you're killing him.

Indeed, Eric's entire body has gone limp.

DEAN (CONT'D)
It was MY draft card, it was mine!

Hoyt stares As if appalled. Then:

HOYT
So you were just gonna let him die for you, son. ? What the hell's a matter with you, boy?

And with nary a glance, Hoyt uppercuts the knife, perfectly piercing Eric's cellophane-encased mouth as

Oxygen rushes into his lungs, Eric coughing violently with the onslaught of air.

A moment later, he spits blood out, leaving us to wonder just how deep that blade went.

And slowly, menacingly, Hoyt returns his anvil eyes to Dean who inventories what little courage he has left and --

DEAN
Sir please, *Sheriff*, take me. .let my friends go. .please.

HOYT
All the sudden you wanna play soldier, is that it?

DEAN
No, sir. Just let them go. Please.

HOYT
Okay, I guess we can take a stab at it.

DEAN
What, what're you talking about. ?

HOYT
We can try to make you into a soldier. But no guarantees, okay?

DEAN
No, just take me, goddamnit!

HOYT
I hear ya We'll do our best, boy.

And with this, Hoyt s hand goes to Dean's throat, lifting him off the island and letting him CLUMP to the ground.

50 **EXT. HIGHWAY 17 DUSK OR DAY (TBD)** 50

Chrissie stands on the empty road, the wind kicking up dust. A loud whisper coming with it.

But she stops. And listens through the sibilant sound. A RUMBLING in the distance. Coming closer.

Head on a swivel, she sweeps the scene, her gaze finally settling South where the waning sun obscures sight of.

POV: The silhouette of a man. A LARGE man. A picturesque panorama, a postcard come to life, moving closer.

And Chrissie steps instinctively into the nearby brush, taking refuge from the approaching interloper.

Once again hidden from the road, she discerns(POV)the HARLEY chopper as it sails into view.

The man atop it donning a familiar red bandanna. .HOLDEN.

Heart perpetually pounding, palms perpetually sweating, Chrissie's unsure what to do. At the proverbial crossroad separating action. From indolence.

And the bike's fast approaching, 50 feet away...30...20. Chrissie for once in her life not thinking, just doing

Stepping out into the road, directly in front of the chopper 10 feet away now, and *Jesus*

Holden doesn't slow, certain to run us over before

SCREEEECH. Stopping a few feet away from Chrissie.

And they regard each other, gunslingers on the draw, Holden launching a spittle of tobacco juice at her feet.

HOLDEN
Playing chicken with a motorcycle. Who you thinks gonna win?

Chrissie clenches her fists (not as a sign of resilience, but so Holden doesn't see them tremble) Feigning firm:

CHRISSIE
You're looking for your girlfriend.

He says nothing. Only glares.

CHRISSIE (CONT'D)
I saw you, I saw both of you in the general store.

HOLDEN
Wrong guy. Now step aside.

Unable to keep the angst at bay, Chrissie's lower lip quivers:

CHRISSIE
I've been waiting on this road for someone to come along for two hours I don't have time for bullshit.

She says this word with all the righteous indignation of someone who rarely uses it.

CHRISSIE (CONT'D)
I've seen her, I've seen your friend, your girlfriend, whatever the hell she is.

HOLDEN
Get out of the fucking way, little girl, I'm not foolin' with you.

CHRISSIE
They've got my friends, they've got 'em in there right now. .I.
(fending off tears)
.I don't know what's happening to them.

Done with this dance, Holden retracts the kick-stand, giving his hog a fierce REV as he barks:

HOLDEN
I ain't askin' again -

CHRISSIE
I saw them take her, your friend.

And we think the bike's about to surge forward, until

HOLDEN
Saw who take her?

Chrissie hesitates, knowing the answer won't do much for her credibility. Reluctantly responding

CHRISSIE
I don't know who they are

The words that follow are MUTED by the ROAR of the revving bike, deafening Chrissie's words.

And Holden rolls the chopper forward, leaving Chrissie no choice but to step aside. Or go for a ride.

Seeing the resolution in his eye, she wisely stands down, watching him wheel off, before shouting after him

CHRISSIE (CONT'D)
But I know where they took her.

THE BIKE FRONT TIRE lurches to a halt.

Newline Cinema

THE BIKE'S SIDE MIRROR fills frame with the image of Chrissie standing behind us, arms akimbo before HOLDEN'S EYES come into view. Staring back at her. With a slightly arched brow.

HOLDEN'S BOOT hits the pavement. ON THE MOVE. Tracking the bike backwards until we PAN UP to see he s beside Chrissie.

HOLDEN
You saw her , you saw Alex?
(Chrissie nods slowly)
She alright?

CHRISSIE
He shot her, the sheriff shot her.
(smart enough to say her name)
Shot Alex.

HOLDEN
(incongruous)
.The Sheriff did?

Chrissie says nothing. Knows how lame that sounds.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
What kinda' shape was she in?

And Chrissie looks at Holden with all the empathy in the world. Volumes conveyed without word or whisper.

Holden needs no further explanation to know Alex is dead. But still, the truth is hard to accept.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
You're lying to me, I know it.

But Chrissie cedes noting. Staring into his shark eyes.

Finally, Holden rolls his bike onward, ready to cut his losses and hit the open road, but we go CLOSE ON HOLDEN.

And see the truth register across his face as he angles the bike to the periphery. Hiding it in the protective brush before dismounting, and.

.Methodically pulling a LUGAR PISTOL from a side satchel, palming a bunch of bullets which he expertly loads.

And Chrissie regards him wearily, not sure what she's 'gotten herself into. From the fire. .into the inferno?

Holden claps the gun closed, crossing himself and looking asunder before stalking past Chrissie with three simple words:

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
Show me where.

51 **INT. GARAGE HEWITT HOUSE CLOSE ON DEAN DAY** 51

Staring into the camera, a terrified expression on his face before he's flying across the floor no, not flying. Being DRAGGED by his collar.

HOYT
You gonna help at all? Or do I have to do all the goddamn work?

Hoyt palms Dean's neck. Pulling him through the garage and directly out into the

Right before DEAN'S HEAD falls into it. *SPLAT.*

Behind him, in the BG, towering above it all, we see the abysmal abode. Mythic. Monstrous. Malevolent.

Behind Hoyt, facing Dean, we see Eric. Visible inside the open garage doors. Forced to watch his brother.

And Hoyt squats down, cheek to cheek with Dean. His breath hot and rancid, his eyes unblinking.

HOYT
Here begins your boot-camp, boy. You gonna get to do what every prisoner of war dreams of. Now how's that sound?

Dean tries to catch his breath, unable to find the words.

HOYT (CONT'D)
SPEAK UP, PRIVATE!

DEAN
Please..

HOYT
You will address me as sir or sergeant, do you understand me?

DEAN
Y-yes sir.

HOYT
Now would you like to go free, son?

DEAN
Sir. .yes, sir.

HOYT
Alright then. Whoo-ah. Ten push-ups. That's it. That s all that stands between you and your freedom. This is where heroes are made, son. Right here, right now.

DEAN
(a beat)
What if. .what if I can't do them. ?

Hoyt ascends. Standing ramrod straight. At-attention.

HOYT
The year is 1952. Korea. And yours truly is a prisoner of war. And those days, there weren't no rules to it - you were captured, you had two choices: You could die of starvation. Or you could survive. Simple as that. We had to eat somethin y'understand - and rations were scarce. So 'bout once a month, someone would be chosen.

DEAN
.*Chosen*. ?

HOYT
(duh)
To be eaten.
(off Dean)
No better way to give back to your country.
(then; uber intense)
So I ask you: Do you wanna be the motherfucker who eats? Or the motherfucker who gets eaten?

All Dean can do is simply stare back, horrified. Then:

HOYT (CONT'D)
Well, what're you waiting for?

CAMERA STAYS LOW, Dean summoning the strength to rise to his knees. An animal on all fours.

Hoyt, seeing this submissive posture, grows irate. Violently kicking Dean's thighs into the proper push-up position.

And Dean trembles at the top, his arms already arthritic. Glancing at Eric through Hoyt s open legs.

HOYT (CONT'D)
Whenever you're ready, sunshine.

Given little choice, Dean drops. .and rises. .culling every ounce of energy in him. .not about to let this maniac win.

HOYT (CONT'D)
Whooeee. That's a mighty fine push-up, son. .ONE.

And, Christ, if Dean doesn't mean to make a show of it, his arms flexed, his lips pursed tight.

HOYT (CONT'D)
TWO. Godddamnit, we got ourselves a regular American hero right here.

And Hoyt begins to circle the boy, THE CAMERA taking a similar path around Dean who stops at the top of the 5th push-up.

And then we see what Dean can't: HOYT. And what he produces from behind his back. A THIN BATON.

CLOSE ON ERIC'S EYES, expanding on sight of the weapon.

.Right before Hoyt HAMMERS it into Dean's spine. Sending him shrieking face down into the dirt.

HOYT (CONT'D)
Show me something, son. Show me you're better than the rest a' yer godforsaken generation.
(leans back down)
'Cus I got a whole bunch more to show you...

And this threat registers across Dean's face, as we

52 **INT. KITCHEN - - HEWITT HOUSE DAY** 52

BAILEY. No more tears to cry, she stares at the KEY-CHAIN on the nail. So close. .so far away.

For, you see, every movement she makes sends unspeakable pain through her already battered body.

But she still has the strength to scream her head off when she looks in the doorway to see --

HEWITT standing there. Beholding her. Fascinated.

A beat and he steps back into the shadows, lost to darkness.

He makes not a sound.

And Bailey can't stop screaming.

53 **EXT. HEWITT HOUSE DAY** 53

CLOSE ON DEAN'S PALMS, planted in the dirt, hoisting himself up in a vigorous attempt to complete the task before him. Counting out:

DEAN
Seven. .Eight.

HOYT. Looms over him like a murderous moon, the baton slapping against the fat of his palm in anticipation...

ERIC. Finally finding his voice, trying to send what little strength he has to his resilient brother...

ERIC
Come on. .GO.

Hoyt shoots a perturbed glance to Eric before

HOYT
No, no, no.

WHACK! Another shot from that baton. This one scalping the back of Dean's skull. Drawing blood.

And Dean howls holy murder, dropping down yet again.

And yet again hoisting himself up in dogged defiance.

Which only makes Hoyt more zealous in his opposition.

And only makes the baton CRACK down with greater force. Successive blows about the head, back and neck.

So vile, so violent, that we're surprised to see tiny air-bubbles form in the puddle of mud.

ERIC
Don't give up now, man. .come on.
(pure Marine)
.Show this motherfucker.

With this, Dean rises up again.

DEAN
Nine.

WHACK! Another blow to the back. And Dean goes down.

Only to rise back up <u>again</u>, and.

DEAN (CONT'D)
<u>Ten</u>.

And now he drops triumphantly into the mud, a victorious smile on Dean's sweat-addled face.

A victory in a day of doom and defeat.

HOYT
Well, I ll be.
(squats down; face-to-face)
You showed me something, boy. Maybe you're not the man I thought. Well, Christ.
(stands back up; looks at Eric)
I'm a man a' my word so...you wanna go?

Dean stares back, beyond skeptical.

HOYT (CONT'D)
Ain't a trick question, boy. Do. You. Wanna. Go.

And after a deliberative beat, Dean nods skittish assent.

HOYT (CONT'D)
Alright then...promises is promises.

And despite his condition, Dean gets to his knees. And then to his feet. Still squinting at Hoyt.

HOYT (CONT'D)
I was you, I'd go 'fore I changed my mind.

And, Christ, Hoyt even turns his back on Dean, assiduously trying to scrub the mud off the sole of his boot. Winking at Eric with a mischievous little grin.

Leaving Dean no choice, skeptical or not, to flee.

And sure enough, Hoyt busies himself with other endeavors, ostensibly oblivious to Dean who moves down the road, casting intermittent, still dubious, looks back.

HOYT (CONT'D)
A fella' was to go towards the woods might be the best chance of not getting tracked down.

So Dean amends his path, moving towards the brush. Eager to take refuge behind the tall trees.

STAY WITH HOYT, blasé as hell as his captive overtly takes leave.

Walking. .bounding. .jogging.

HOYT (CONT'D)
(to Eric)
You gone miss him, huh?

ERIC
I'm gonna fucking cut your head off..

HOYT
(as if genuinely touched)
You keep sweet talkin' me, dumplin', I might not kill you for another coupla' hours.

He pinches Eric s cheek as if his grandmother, as we.

54 **INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT** 54

Where we find the corpulent Cretan previously called THE TEA LADY across from Luda Mae at the kitchen table.

Cups of tea before them, they enjoy an amiable chat.

TEA LADY
Weather's been so hot lately, s important to drink your liquids, you know.

Luda Mae nods. Swigs from her cup.

LUDA MAE
I been gettin that tea, ya know, and puttin' it on ice in the afternoon. .tastes like paradise, I swear it.

When she places that cup back down, we note how it tremors. How it demands she grip its finger slot.

TEA LADY
Know what else is good? That iced coffee we used to have.

And just before the conversation bores you to death, THE CAMERA DIPS to reveal BAILEY beneath them.

Still tied to the table, her movements account for the quivering tea cup.

The ladies continue conversing, as if unaware, before we.

55 **EXT. WOODS START ON CHRISSIE NIGHT** 55

As she staggers to keep pace with Holden who moves with mechanical determination, the gun firmly in grip.

And we track WITH CHRISSIE, a befuddled look on her face that tells us she's wondering what the fuck she's doing here.

And Holden, his heavy breath discernible in the night, halts. Turning to face her like an angry Nordic god. Barking:

HOLDEN
Where's this house at?

CHRISSIE
It was light out.

HOLDEN
(overlapping; wry)
It's called nightfall. Happens every so often.

CHRISSIE
It's a ways away...I was running before.

Holden looks at her. As if disgusted. Resumes his march.

56 **INT. KITCHEN WIDE SHOT NIGHT** 56

With Bailey in view, the prosaic conversation continues.

TEA LADY
...Sometimes I just can't stop eating them little chocolates.
(hushed; as if a secret)
They're so good

CRASH! The resonant sound of BROKEN GLASS truncates the conversation. Makes the ladies jump.

TEA LADY (CONT'D)
What in the hell

Luda Mae goes to investigate as Bailey perks instinctively up. Eyes swimming left to right. Alive again.

Spring Cinema

57 **INT. BASEMENT - - FROM BEHIND** 57

Hewitt hunkered over his work bench, hard at work halting when he heeds the sound of broken glass.

His head raising slowly asunder, as we. .

58 **EXT. GARAGE HEWITT HOUSE - START ON HOYT** 58

Responding to the cacophonous commotion, he disengages from Eric and race-walks around the edifice.

59 **INT. DINING ROOM START ON THE SHATTERED WINDOW** 59

And THE ROCK responsible for it. Now on the carpet.

Luda Mae regards it with surging disdain.

60 **INT. KITCHEN - - START ON BAILEY** 60

Turning to face the door and the clamorous FOOTSTEPS that thunder closer. Accompanied by Hoyt's SCREAMS.

THUNK. The door slaps open, DEAN appearing.

BAILEY
Oh, my God, Dean...I love you, I love you.

He moves towards his girl, sizing the situation up before

TEA LADY
HE'S IN HERE! HE'S IN HERE!

Dean grabs a butcher knife. Points it at the tea lady.

DEAN
Shut up.

Just before he begins hacking at the thick band of rope around Bailey's left ankle.

BAILEY
The key to the truck, it's there. .up there.

She points accordingly, alerting Dean and the tea lady who does her best to slide her chair closer to the key chain.

SNAP! Dean cuts through the rope, lurching up to snag the key-chain before the tea lady can grab it.

Dean promptly helps Bailey to her feet, handing her the keys

DEAN
GO! I'm going for Eric.

The tea lady takes refuge in a corner, Dean wielding that knife before peaking through the open door and spotting

HOYT
Running towards him down the hall.

DEAN
Lays the knife on the table in order to shove it towards the door. Blocking entry.

61 **EXT. HEWITT HOUSE BAILEY - NIGHT** 61

Ambles around the abode, spying the tow truck to her Right. In her condition, it may as well be a mile away.

62 **EXT. GARAGE HEWITT HOUSE NIGHT** 62

Dean sprints into view, moving instantly towards Eric who still hangs from the ceiling.

And they simply lock eyes for a seminal beat as Dean carves away at his binds. Finally:

DEAN
Marines never leave a man behind, right?

ERIC
That's the Army Rangers but I ain't gonna argue with ya'..

Different time, different place, they might even laugh.

63 **INT. TOW TRUCK - NIGHT** 63

Bailey struggles to slide in, trying the <u>five</u> keys on the chain as she peaks into the REAR-VIEW MIRROR(POV)

.And sees HOYT on the porch. About to break towards her before Luda Mae's screams alert and divert him.

BACK ON BAILEY the first two keys. .no go...an effort made no easier by Bailey's conditionally arthritic hands.

BAILEY
Come on, come on, COME ON.

She tries the fourth key, as we CUT TO:

64 **EXT. GARAGE NIGHT** 64

Dean successfully slices the last strand of rope, Eric slumping into his arms, the brothers turning into

HOYT. Behind them. Shotgun in hand. Big grin:

HOYT
And you think I was nasty before.

Indeed, the malevolent look in his eye is unprecedented. About to act on that promise, before the tow truck.

Smashes into frame, barreling into a pyramid of chicken coops and a collapsible clothes line.

A sizable distraction, Hoyt fights through the scrum of wires that entangle him as

65 **INT. TOW TRUCK - NIGHT** 65

Bailey tries to throw the car in reverse. Unfamiliar with stick shift, a broken leg to boot, the vehicle simply revs in place, tendrils of dirt kicking up, an all enveloping fog.

One thing clear: The truck's stuck.

66 **EXT. GARAGE NIGHT** 66

Dean and Eric recover, fixing focus on

DEAN
Bailey!

They move closer to the stalled truck, unable to discern much through the thick clouds of dust.

67 **INT. TOW TRUCK - - NIGHT** 67

Bailey flustered, she has no choice but to abandon ship, opening the door, embarking into sheets of dust.

From which something springs forth HEWITT.

Instantly apprehending her, flinging her over his shoulder like the catch of the day, and.

.Immediately hauling her back inside the house.

68 **EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT** 68

Dean sees it all from a distance, about to sprint after his lover before we hear a daunting CLICK.

The unmistakable sound of a rifle being cocked.

WIDER to see Hoyt behind Dean. Finger flirting with the trigger. Eyes incendiary.

HOYT
Drop it.

Dean lets the KNIFE fall to the dirt.

HOYT (CONT'D)
Stand down, soldier.

This said to ERIC who stops his ambush attempt on cue.

But Hoyt does something odd next; he lowers the rifle. Lets it go limp by his side. And eyes the brothers, before.

HOYT (CONT'D)
Lemme tell ya' you boys showed me something here today. And I am a man a' my word. So go.
(off silence)
I'm serious this time.
(still no movement)
I ain't gonna say it but once.

Dean and Eric trade skittish eyes. Too world weary to believe him, they'll take any tenet of hope they can.

For extra-incentive, Hoyt levels the rifle on Dean, and barks:

HOYT (CONT'D)
Start walking.

All atremble now, Dean begins to back peddle, staring at Eric as he diminishes...Hoyt waves "bye" with his free hand.

HOYT (CONT'D)
(to Eric)
How far you think he'll get?

Eric doesn't answer. Only glares.

And Hoyt begins WHISTLING calmly(and poorly)as Dean breaks into a fast march towards the brush.

HOYT (CONT'D)
(sotto)
Thata' boy.

ERIC
What's out there. ?

HOYT
That's for me to know. .and him to find out.

And Dean vanishes from view just before we hear a LOUD SNAP. Followed shortly after by a gruesome SCREAM.

Hoyt chuckles. Winks. Tells Eric:

HOYT (CONT'D)
Let's go take a look.

But he turns to Eric, reconsidering:

HOYT (CONT'D)
Well, actually, you gonna stay here.

CRACK! He slams the rifle into Eric's face with a mist of blood and enamel. Knocking him out as we go to -

69 **EXT. HEWITT HOUSE - NIGHT** 69

Hoyt, marching out to snare his prey. We discern a protective line of concealed ANIMAL TRAPS, a razor wire fence not far from that before we see.

DEAN. His left ankle. Caught in a jagged vice designed for a bear. His screams are inhuman...

HOYT steps into frame. Peering down at us(DEAN POV):

HOYT (CONT'D)
Good thing you didn't go to Vietnam; something like this mighta' happened.

And with this absurd admonishment, we. .FADE TO:

70 **EXT. WOODS - - NIGHT** 70

Still navigating through the brush.

CHRISSIE
...Through here, up ahead. .I think we're close.

But she stops when she says it. Because there. Up ahead. We see the Bronco Jeep. Or what remains of it.

Utterly ravaged. Raped. Gutted to the bone.

A skeletal sight, we only recognize it because of the CHAIN still dangling from the rear-view mirror.

The CRACKER BOX RING Eric gave Chrissie still there.

And Chrissie moves towards it, a metal to magnet.

HOLDEN
What're you doing?

She doesn't answer. Doing her best not to cry as she snags the ring. And solemnly stuffs it into her pocket.

And she pivots to see THE HEWITT HOUSE. Behind her. Seventy-five yards away, we can just see its top-half over the tapestry of trees, before we CUT TO:

71 **INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT** 71

Hoyt and Hewitt bound down a corridor, gladiators entering the coliseum.

Up ahead, through the doorway, we see ERIC splayed on the kitchen table, unconscious a sight that makes Hewitt halt.

Hoyt stops shortly after. Dissecting the problem. Then:

HOYT
We ain't got time for that, boy. Got work to do.

After a reflective moment, Hewitt resumes his journey towards the kitchen, and we -- JUMP CUT TO:

72 **INT. HALLWAY - CLOSE ON ERIC NIGHT** 72

Bobbing up and down in an oddly sexual gesticulation before we WIDEN to see he's on Hewitt's bulbous back.

.Being carried back down that corridor, Hoyt lingering behind to see Hewitt diminish in the distance.

BACK ON HEWITT as he reaches that storied steel door, one hand holding Eric on his back, the other tearing the formidable door open and...

.Trundling down the steps, nothing heard but the heavy CLUMP of his boots, before we HARD CUT TO:

73 **EXT. HEWITT HOUSE NIGHT** 73

Holden's gaze focused on the gun in his hand, he racks it violently. Psyching himself up for whatever lies ahead.

Oblivious to Chrissie who watches him from a distance before --

CHRISSIE
You don't know what's in there.

HOLDEN
And they don't know what s goin' in there. Ain't gonna be a day of sunshine for them, trust me.

But she's tired of hiding in the bushes, nearly blurting out

CHRISSIE
I wanna help.

Holden tries not to roll his eyes.

HOLDEN
You wanna help?

He gives her a cursory once over. In jeans and a halter-top, she's about as threatening as a tofu salad.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
How 'bout you just stand back and look pretty?

CHRISSIE
(ignores that)
There's three of them.

HOLDEN
Thought you said you didn't know how many of them there were.

CHRISSIE
My friends...

HOLDEN
Honey, I don't give two shits about your friends. I'm going in there to get my girl - whatever the hell shape she's in. You, you're on your own.

And she wants to ask him to stay but all she can do is watch Holden move brazenly towards the Hewitt house, as we

LINGER BACK WITH CHRISSIE, measuring her mettle as she ganders at THE HOUSE(POV)

And things are transpiring in this edifice, lights flickering on and off in various rooms. An unspeakable evil transpiring.

BACK ON CHRISSIE, as she finds the strength to step closer to the house, moving around the side of the abode.

.Across a stretch of windows, peeking in one to see LUDA MAE(POV)

Her fleshy form sunk into the folds of a couch. Absently gazing at a blank and busted TV. As if entranced.

74 **EXT. BACK OF HOUSE NIGHT** 74

BACK ON CHRISSIE, already spooked, she negotiates further down the line, careful to keep quiet as she reaches THE BACKSIDE OF THE HOUSE.

And the boy nearly buried face down in the mud...DEAN.

And she's forced to cover her mouth as if to quell a scream. Horrified by what she sees.

And she hustles to Dean, crumbling to her knees beside him. Finding him tattered and torn. His ankle still bearing the ungodly onus of that BEAR-TRAP. Shock nearly settling in.

CHRISSIE
Dean.

He rouses with the sound of her voice.

DEAN
They're in the house...Eric and Bailey.

Chrissie struggles to wrap his arm around her shoulder, hoisting him up and hauling him deeper into the protective periphery of the woods. But

DEAN (CONT'D)
NO! No. Look.

There, by her feet, more traps many containing half-skinned or half-gnarled animals.

Chrissie maneuvers around the minefields, lying Dean down under a tree - but Dean's suddenly galvanized:

DEAN (CONT'D)
You have to go for help.

A BEAT.

CHRISSIE
There's no help to go for.

And the news settles across Dean's face. Things even more dire than he suspected.

DEAN
What're you gonna do.. ?

And it's clear that Chrissie's going back. Equally clear that Dean thinks her incapable.

But he, nonetheless, grasps for her hand. Lets her feel his cold flesh. And the way his hand shakes uncontrollably.

OFF this image, their hands TREMBLING in solidarity, we -

75 **INT. BAILEY'S BEDROOM NIGHT** 75

CLOSE ON BED. And not just any bed: A four-post Victorian with a net laid across its top. Creepy to the core.

Alternately romantic. And rueful.

BAILEY. Lays atop the flimsy mattress. Unconscious.

Or worse.

76 **INT. BASEMENT NIGHT** 76

CLOSE ON ERIC as he's laid down on a work-bench by Hewitt.

ERIC
What're you doing...? HEY

Hewitt methodically straps Eric down on the table.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Get your fucking paws off me!

Worse still, Eric turns to see RACK FOCUS TO: ALEX.

Her carcass now desecrated with slashes, it's so delineated that cuts look like Magic Marker lines.

It gives Eric pause. Makes him try a different tact:

ERIC (CONT'D)
You don't have to do this, man. .please.

But so engrossed in his work is Hewitt that he pays no heed to Eric and his entreaties.

Racked with tears, the facade of courage shattered, Eric tries to squirm. Soon discovering that the straps have completely immobilized him. Beholden to the wicked world.

Cinema

HEWITT'S SCARRED HAND traces over the coterie of carving tools on a table top. Hovering over the CHAINSAW, before.

.Moving onto the cleaver which he stabs roughly into the shards of cellophane still covering Eric's face, and

ERIC (CONT'D)
NO!

And Hewitt halts before clipping the cellophane right down the middle and peeling it luridly off.

Exhibiting deft skill, Hewitt amazingly enough - doesn't so much as scratch Eric s face.

Fascinated by what's beneath that cellophane, Hewitt stares down at his prey.

Studying the lad with inhuman intensity, he runs his hand over Eric's features the way a blind man might. Intrigued.

And covetous.

77 **EXT. HEWITT HOUSE NIGHT** 77

CLOSE ON CHRISSIE as she stands outside. In the open. Staring at THE WINDOW.

Slightly ajar. Her way in.

Chrissie glances down at her hands. Uncontrollably trembling. And there she stands. Unable to move an inch. HOLD.

78 **INT. HEWITT HOUSE - - DOWNSTAIRS- NIGHT** 78

CLOSE ON HOLDEN inching along the wall like a hirsute James Bond, pistol held tight, come what may.

He ducks into the first bedroom on the left side, sees:(POV)The busted TV now runs an old cartoon playing. But there's no sign of the previously seen Luda Mae.

And we hear the FLUSH of a toilet, Holden's head riveting to the contiguous restroom right before

LUDA MAE
Steps out, about to scream before

WHACK! Holden pistol whips her across the head, knocking her down and out.

And Holden defuses slightly UNTIL he wheels around to see -

UNCLE MONTY (O.S.)
What in the fuck are you doing?

MONTY. Under the doorway. In all his geriatric indignation.

UNCLE MONTY (CONT'D)
(shouts into other room)
Hoyt

HOLDEN. Doesn't even blink. Simply points. THE GUN, that is. DOWN. At Monty's right knee.

BLAM! Monty's knee-cap explodes in a mist of blood and bone.

HOLDEN
(cool as the other side of the pillow)
Where's the girl?

He grabs a hold of Monty's skull when he asks this but old Monty's speaking in tongues. Words unintelligible.

Flirting with shock, he manages a few choice adjectives:

UNCLE MONTY
Fuck. .fuck. .FUCK.

Holden relinquishes his grip on Monty, moving on with

HOLDEN
(sotto)
You got that right.

And Uncle Monty's screams resonate through the house to.

79 **INT. EMPTY ROOM - - NIGHT** 79

CLOSE ON A WINDOW as it ratchets stubbornly up, CHRISSIE grappling into the barren confines. Gracelessly hitting the floor with a THUD.

But she's on her feet fast, on high alert, acutely aware of her environs(in disbelief that she's here of her volition)

And now she hears it, Monty's wounded WAILING. Alternately primordial and pathetic.

HOYT (V.O.)
Stop your crying goddamnit!

80 **INT. HALLWAY - - DOWNSTAIRS - - NIGHT** 80

PICK UP ON HOYT as he turns a tight corner, agitated, heeding the raucous sound of the TV BLARING as he enters the SITTING ROOM.

And there lies Uncle Monty, braying like a baby as Hoyt kneels down beside him, less than empathetic:

HOYT
What'd I tell you about playing with guns, you dumb ass

Monty rolls over to reveal his obliterated knee. And Hoyt knows he's made a tactical error even before

THE LUGAR plugs into the back of his head. HOLDEN behind him, cobalt blue eyes burning through his disorderly blonde hair.

And Hoyt raises his hands in symbolic surrender.

HOYT (CONT'D)
Ain't you got no respect for a man's home, boy?

Holden peels the gun hammer back. Indents Hoyt's forehead with the imprint of the barrel.

HOLDEN
Show me where the girl is.

81 **INT. HALLWAY DOWNSTAIRS - - NIGHT** 81

LOW ANGLE: And we're crawling along with CHRISSIE, hunkered low, infiltrating the abode.

And lest you think her suddenly an action hero, take a gander at her hands. Utterly atremble.

Looking for Bailey and Eric, she clings close to the wall, halting when she hears the unmistakable sound of SCREAMING(OS)

And, Christ, if it doesn't sound like Eric.

The screaming persists, without calm or quarter as she continues to crawl through this enormous edifice.

(<u>NOTE</u>: Shot from a low angle, from Chrissie's POV, we'll see the cavernous ceilings, the interminable hallways, a character a monster in and of itself.)

82

92 **INT. HALLWAY UPSTAIRS NIGHT**

Head in a choke-hold, Hoyt's led down the hall by Holden, that Lugar never far from Hoyt's head.

And despite all this, Hoyt continues to shout for

HOYT
THOMAS!

HOLDEN
Shut your mouth.

HOYT
(to Holden; points)
Here, it's here.

He refers to a room to the right Holden shoving Hoyt, his personal human shield, into yet another -

83

83 **INT. MONTY'S ROOM NIGHT**

Only there's nothing here but a broken boiler.

HOYT (CONT'D)
Oops. Wrong room.
(then; shouts)
THOMAS!

HOLDEN
I am not fucking with you.

HOYT
Oh, you're gonna wanna meet him.

He's cajoled back out into the hall, as we CUT TO:

84

84 **INT. BASEMENT - - NIGHT**

CLOSE ON ERIC. Screaming his fucking head off.

HOYT (O.S.)
THOMAS!

HEWITT'S HEAD comes in and out of frame, hard at work on some unseen act. So focused, he doesn't hear Hoyt calling him(OS)

.Hard to hear anything over Eric's braying.

85

85 **INT. HALLWAY DOWNSTAIRS- NIGHT**

And only now do we realize how close CHRISSIE is to the basement, Eric's howling made horrifically audible.

Newline Cinema

Sending a shiver through her body, until THE SCREAMING STOPS.

And we hear the only thing worse: SILENCE.

Before an even worse noise permeates: Hewitt s boots CLOPPING up the steps. The monster ascendant.

And while Chrissie has no idea what comes her way. .she has the good sense to take refuge behind the corner.

The *SHOOOSH* of the steel door catches her attention as we STAY ON CHRISSIE, seeing what emerges from below(OS)...

HEWITT'S SHADOW

Stretches across the wall, pushing Chrissie back, watching the beast recede, her breath slowly resuming...

Little time to spare, she crawls into the open, angling for the basement and whatever dwells there...

Beside the slightly ajar door now, she rises to her feet, slipping through and trundling down the steps of the

86 **INT. BASEMENT STAIRS NIGHT** 86

Characteristically dim, Chrissie stumbles nearly falls on the last step, gasping when she spots ALEX on a table, a bloody pulp. Nearly unrecognizable.

Averting her eyes, Chrissie's gaze inadvertently goes to ERIC.

And despite her visceral reaction on sight of him, she's relieved to find him alive, eyes swimming inside his skull.

And as Chrissie approaches, she sees the chains dangling from above, dripping blood and water.

A dungeon.

And now, closer still, she sees what Hewitt's been up to: He's skinned the lower half of Eric's forearm to the bone.

The acute eye will note the flesh from his limb piled neatly on the table beside him. Looks like wood chips.

And Eric, in the throes of intense pain barely acknowledges Chrissie's presence. Too focused on staying out of shock.

Chrissie frantically paws at the straps, doing her best to untangle them an effort made difficult due to her tremulous hands.

A soldier through and through, Eric has to ask

ERIC
How bad is it. ?
(off Chrissie)
Tell me.

And while she refuses to look at his arm -

CHRISSIE
It s not bad, baby. .it's okay.

ERIC
I can't feel it. Did he cut it off...?
Tell me he didn't cut it off.

CHRISSIE
(through tears)
No, you're okay. .I'm here...I'm here
with you.

But she can't seem to unlash those straps, straining to loosen them, teeth clenched, as we CUT TO:

87 **INT. HALLWAY UPSTAIRS - NIGHT** 87

And Hoyt and Holden emerge from yet another fruitless room in this fruitless search, Holden's frustrations palpable.

And Hoyt purposefully drags his feet now, providing ample time for succor in the form of...HEWITT.

Materializing at the end of the corridor.

And for all of Holden's bravado, he utters not a word on sight of him. Slowing imperceptibly.

HOYT
Told you you'd wanna meet im.
(to Hewitt)
Come on, boy. .you gonna let him do this
to us?

But Hewitt only ducks away. There. And gone.

HOLDEN
(droll)
He's a brave one, alright.

HOYT
Well, you're a mighty scary man.

Newline Cinema

HOLDEN
Keep going.

He shoves Hoyt further down the hall, as we CUT TO:

88 **INT. BASEMENT NIGHT** 88

CLOSE ON BASEMENT ROOF. Dust fluffing and falling with each CLAMOROUS STEP from above. .FOLLOW said dust as it drifts down to CHRISSIE, her head asunder, momentarily halting her attempts to unshackle Eric. Given understandable pause.

The portentous sounds inspire Eric to shout -

ERIC
Hide. HIDE!

But Chrissie stays there. Trying to free him until

SWOOOOOSH(OS) The sound of that steel door opening.

CLUMP. CLUMP. CLUMP.

And Chrissie has no choice but to duck under the table, Eric above her. Taking haven there as -

HEWITT enters the subterranean cellar, bee-lining for Eric.

CHRISSIE POV:

(NOTE: We'll stay with her POV until otherwise noted.)

Our vision slightly trammeled by the blood drip-drip-dripping from the table to the floor.

TIC. TIC. TIC.

Through the gaps in the table, we see Hewitt's torso enter frame. Stopping by the table of tools(for all we know, from the angle of his body, he could be staring right at us)

He snares an inscrutable item, allowing us only a glimpse of a shiny steel before we

REVERSE ON CHRISSIE, off her reaction, watching the butcher recede, we CUT TO:

89 **INT. BAILEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT** 89

Holden and Hoyt enter to see BAILEY. On the bed.

HOLDEN
That ain't her, that ain't the girl I'm looking for.

We see another open door, another entry point, on the opposite side of the room.

HOYT
Well, Jesus Christ. .so goddamn picky, you people.

Holden finds this not nearly as amusing as Hoyt, his jaw clenched tight, his teeth gnashed. On the edge.

HOYT (CONT'D)
Oh, you're talkin' 'bout the other girl?
(extra grim)
You don't wanna see that one.

Holden plugs the Lugar into Hoyt's ear, his breaking point achieved, about to blow the Sheriff's head off before

We take note of that formerly empty door. Now inhabited by the humongous form of. .HEWITT. With something in his hand.

THE CHAINSAW

And he enters without pause or prevarication, stalking closer.

And Holden removes the Lugar from Hoyt's head, about to train it on Hewitt when Hoyt grabs hold of his wrist.

.Struggling to wrest control of the firearm, exposing Holden's arm as Hewitt moves closer, salivating.

HOYT (CONT'D)
Come on, boy, do it.

Hewitt steps forward, slapping the chainsaw down on Holden's arm, the motor OFF.

But he wields the blade with such force that Holden's arm nearly tears off at the elbow, dangling like a busted fender.

And Holden pirouettes back, his Lugar clattering into the corner as his good hand holds the torn arm in place, forced to take a seat against the closet-door.

Forced to watch as Hewitt approaches.

Hoyt stands to the side with a stiletto smile.

HOYT (CONT'D)
(re: The chainsaw)
Turn it on, boy, turn it on.

And Hewitt barrels closer, yanking the chainsaw string back with a violent tug, but IT DOESN'T START.

And now, seizing on opportunity, Holden rises and charges Hewitt, slamming into him like a locomotive.

.An inelegant, graceless, scrum, behemoths entangled in limbs as the chainsaw clangs to the floor.

.Hewitt wrestles Holden too goddamn strong, he flings him violently to the floor.

And Holden finds himself face down atop the chainsaw.

Imbedded in it.

And we expect him to get up. .until we realize the blade's in his torso. Blood bubbling from his lips.

But still, Holden tries to disentangle himself before

HOYT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Uh-uhn-uhn.

HOYT'S KNEE lands on Holden's back. Pinning him deeper into the chainsaw.

HOYT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Come on, boy...

CLOSE ON HOYT'S crusty lips when he commands:

HOYT (CONT'D)
Turn it on.

HOLDEN'S EYES expand with the realization of what's about to occur.

And Hoyt chuckles like a little kid pulling a prank.

HOYT (CONT'D)
Come on, boy.

Hewitt yanks forcibly on the chord, inspiring the embryonic moan of machinery. *Vrum-Vrum-Vrum.*

And we see Holden's body vibrate in anticipation. Even before Hewitt gives it one more pull, and

Newline Cinema

THE CHAINSAW STARTS SUCCESSFULLY

The roar of its engine coming to life is louder than anything we've heard in this movie. DAUNTING DECIBELS.

So loud and umbrageous the bray of a beast that we go to a SERIES OF QUICK CUTS

90 **INT. BASEMENT NIGHT** 90

Chrissie momentarily suspends her efforts to free Eric, eyes expanding ominously.

91 **INT. MONTY'S ROOM NIGHT** 91

Luda Mae shoots a glance away from the bed-ridden Uncle Monty. Both riveted by the sound of salvation.

92 **INT. BAILEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT** 92

PUSH IN ON BAILEY, her lids flickering with acknowledgement. And absolute terror.

BACK ON HOLDEN, a look of excruciating pain as the blade slices through his body like butter.

HOYT, a look of utter joy as BLOOD splatters over his face like baptism water. CACKLING exuberantly.

Holden's gut-wrenching scream registers in perfect concert with the baritone *BUZZZZZZZ* of that chainsaw.

The sound a man makes when being chewed up from the inside.

CEILING POV: The chainsaw pierces through Holden's spine and shoulder as Hewitt towers over him, admiring his handiwork.

BACK ON HOYT, a look of utter admiration near awe as he regards Hewitt.

Hewitt pulls the chainsaw from Holden's person, letting it hang by his side, crimson coating the blade.

HOLD on this iconic image, before we JUMP CUT TO:

93 **INT. BASEMENT STAIRS NIGHT** 93

And THE CAMERA's perched just behind Hewitt s right eâr as we descend the steps with him towards THE BASEMENT.

No sign of Chrissie, Eric's exactly where we left him. Writhing beneath the stultifying straps.

Chainsaw firmly in his grip, born anew, we'll hereafter refer to Hewitt as LEATHERFACE.

As he marches closer, a newfound confidence to him, we go to

CHRISSIE POV:

Once again perched under the table, blood still continuously, rhythmically, dripping from her boyfriend's butchered body.

And it's clear that Leatherface isn't done with his favorite toy, focusing on Eric as he, once again, cranks it to life

CHRISSIE'S EYES explode with what's about to occur.

.More horrified by her inability to stop it. .

The BUZZ of the saw grows closer, nearly in our ear

ERIC (O.S.)
NO, GOD NOOOOOOOOO

OVERHEAD SHOT:

Leatherface raises the chainsaw asunder as if the hammer of Thor, bringing it down as we go to

CLOSE PROFILE SHOT

Of Chrissie under the table, the blade striking Eric, before

CHRISSIE POV:

And we look up to see the chainsaw pierce through the table, spitting blood and sawdust, inches from our face.

.About to sink into our flesh, the heat of the blade burning into us until the CHAINSAW STOPS.

CHRISSIE, her face still skyward, drenched, from this literal bloodbath.

Leatherface returns the chainsaw to the table, sated, taking view of ERIC. Eviscerated atop the table. In pieces.

And a sense of pride overwhelms him before he moves closer to the carcass. Not done yet.

Chrissie scrunches into the corner as Leatherface snares a CLEAVER, setting his sights on the face he so covets.

Caressing Eric's features as if a long lost lover before delicately wielding the cleaver along the edges of his face.

CAMERA BEHIND ERIC'S HEAD

Leatherface looking at us from the other end of the bench, the cleaver cast aside so that he might.

..Peel Eric's facial epidermis back, away from us, the silhouette of his skin delineated with cascading light.

Eric's face in hand, he bounds over to an antiquated MIRROR resting against the wall.

ANGLE ON MIRROR as he slowly, ceremoniously, removes the cloth from his person. Staring at the molten and mangled flesh beneath it; the twisted nose, the pocked and burnt canvass.

LEATHERFACE moves to another table. Grabbing two thin straps of skin to hold the mask in-place. Weaving said strands through.

LEATHERFACE POV: Strings carefully slipped through the sides, we look down at the inside of Eric's face before we slowly place it over our own, newly focused on the -

MIRROR And the reflection bouncing off it.

HOYT
THOMAS! Get up here, boy.

Leatherface steps away from the mirror, his new mask staying in place due to mucus, tissue and sticky blood.

And we watch as he stomps past, STAYING BEHIND before we PUSH IN to see CHRISSIE.

Nearly infinitesimal. Curled into a corner. For once, pleased to hear Leatherface's heavy boots on the hard floor.

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

Until he STOPS. As if on instinct.

STAY ON CHRISSIE

Leatherface stalks back to retrieve the chainsaw, exiting as Chrissie finally defuses, and we CUT TO:

94 **INT. BASEMENT STAIRS NIGHT** 94

Hoyt greets Leatherface as he emerges from the basement.

HOYT
(re: Chainsaw)
Glad you brought your friend.

But he does a double-take on sight of his new face.

HOYT (CONT'D)
Both of 'em.

95 **INT. MONTY'S BEDROOM NIGHT** 95

And Leatherface enters on Hoyt s heels to see Luda Mae beside the pain-racked Uncle Monty who writhes on the bed.

LUDA MAE
See what you done?! You killed that Sheriff and the whirlwind begun -

Hoyt truncates her with a look if looks could eviscerate. And Luda Mae has the good sense to fall silent as before Hoyt fixes focus on

UNCLE MONTY
Do something, goddamnit!

Hoyt rests a hand on Monty's shoulder, soothing:

HOYT
We gonna take care a you. Nothing to worry about.

But he winces when venturing a glance at Monty's mangled leg before motioning for Leatherface to come closer.

UNCLE MONTY
(stirs up)
W-what the hell you doin' ?

And he tries to wiggle instinctively away, held in place by Hoyt's firm grip as Leatherface hovers ominously overhead.

HOYT
This ain't even gonna hurt.

UNCLE MONTY
W-what the fuck is this. ?

HOYT
Surgery, old bird, surgery.
(then; re: other leg)
The other one ain't looking so good, neither. Prone to infection, you know.
(to Leatherface)
Let's go now, boy no need to be sadistic about it.

And Leatherface rips the chainsaw to life, angling for Monty's thrashing legs, as we

FAVOR HOYT watching with clinical detachment, a doctor regarding "a procedure" Monty loudly protesting as we

FAVOR UNCLE MONTY'S TORSO

As the burr of the blade does its deed OC, his upper body speckled with blood as Leatherface slices through bones.

LUDA MAE looks away, her FAT FIST gripping the bed-sheet, until

The chainsaw stops, its blade belatedly churning to a halt.

UNCLE MONTY. Peers down at the by-product of the surgery.

UNCLE MONTY
You motherfuckers. .you, you took both my legs.

Hoyt's less than affected by this fact, assuredly patting Monty's shoulder as he says:

HOYT
For balance.

96 **INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT** 96

CLOSE ON ERIC'S FACE. Or what's left of it, a visage of viscera and bone, before -

RAPID REVERSE ON CHRISSIE appropriately disgusted by the sight, she trains her gaze on THE DOG-TAGS that remain around Eric's neck.

And she bows her head, choking back tears for her lost lover. But there's no time for mourning.

She grabs hold of Eric's dog-tags as if deriving strength from them, saying a silent prayer, as we JUMP CUT TO:

CHRISSIE - FROM BEHIND basement door

As she struggles to open the steel door atop the basement steps, finally *SHOOOOSHING* it

A trapezoid of light washing over her as she staggers to another set of doors

Pulling those apart, once again bathing her in bright light. The front-door in her sights. Escape 30 feet away.

97 **INT. HALLWAY DOWNSTAIRS NIGHT** 97

And she moves towards the door, unaccosted, hope in her eyes.

And she's there, at the door, freedom at her fingertips.

Only she can't go. FROZEN. But not with fear. With regret.

In a world of fight or fucking flight, our girl's all fight.

She steps back, turning to face the abode and all it portends.

STEADY CAM BACK WITH CHRISSIE, inching along the HALLWAY wall, arms spread wide as she shuffles past the line of open rooms.

98 **INT. KITCHEN NIGHT** 98

She darts past, allowing us a quick glimpse of a boiling pot. Cutlery and cooking knives dangle above.

99 **INT. HALLWAY DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT** 99

BACK ON CHRISSIE hugging the wall as she moves laterally past

A BEDROOM. Where we catch a glance of LUDA MAE, head in her hands, bereaving beside a bed-ridden Monty whose thighs are crudely wrapped in brown butcher-paper.

BACK ON CHRISSIE, moving further down the corridor, glimpsing these postcards from hell, before we CUT TO:

100 **INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT** 100

Something brewing, we see a POT emitting tendrils of heat, a dull CREAKING sound heard OC before

HOYT (O.S.)
Well, well, well. .look what I found?

The big wooden door to the left opens, berthing HOYT. DEAN in his grip, a hand-puppet in search of a hand.

An apron wrapped around his waist, Hoyt's the very picture of domesticity. A macabre Martha Stewart.

And Dean's nearly done, his eyes glassy, his flesh blue. Not much fight left in this dog.

And Hoyt relinquishes his hold on Dean, watching as the lad THUMPS to the floor. Little threat of him fleeing.

But, still, Dean tries to leverage himself up. .to Hoyt s unapologetic amusement:

HOYT (CONT'D)
Still not the proper push-up form. .but helluva an effort, son.

So impressive that Hoyt slams his boot down on the boy, felling him for good.

And we FOLLOW HOYT to that steaming pot, stirring appropriately before

LUDA MAE enters, less and less shocked by the events of this day. She simply looks down at Dean. And back up at Hoyt.

And there's a moment between them, the scent of supper in the air. And the defiance drains from her, at the mercy of Hoyt's dictatorial charms before begrudgingly conceding:

LUDA MAE
I'll set the table.

101 **INT. BACK ROOM UPSTAIRS NIGHT** 101

FAVOR CHRISSIE entering a puke-green door before wading down

102 **INT. HALLWAY UPSTAIRS NIGHT** 102

Long and narrow, Chrissie moves past a filthy window, going towards a back door which she opens to reveal

103 **INT. BAILEY'S BEDROOM - - NIGHT** 103

BAILEY. Inside it.

Atop that four-post bed. Enervated. Anguished. Near shock.

And Chrissie forges in, untying the straps on Bailey's wrists.

CHRISSIE
Come on, honey. .we're getting outta here.

BAILEY
No. .no.

And Chrissie manages to rest one of Bailey's arms around her shoulder, trying to leverage the lass up.

BAILEY (CONT'D)
Please. .please.

And then, an unprecedented urgency in her voice.

BAILEY (CONT'D)
Chrissie.

Said with heretofore unseen vigor that Chrissie takes note of. Looks into Bailey's glassy lids...

BAILEY (CONT'D)
They know you're here.

Which is exactly when Chrissie looks up. And sees - -

HOYT in the doorway opposite the bed. Leaning calmly against the frame, he may as well have a hay-seed in his mouth.

HOYT
(a shrug)
She ain't lyin'

But Chrissie's come this far she's not going home empty handed. Dragging Bailey's limp body off the bed and towards

LEATHERFACE, who now appears in the other doorway.

Converging on her. Creeping ever closer.

And Chrissie, Bailey beside her, slinks into a corner.

Nowhere left to run, she's forced to let Bailey down, cautiously regarding Hoyt before ticking a glance to

LEATHERFACE, who dons a familiar face resurrecting untold emotions in Chrissie. Making her weak in the knees, punched in the heart.

CHRISSIE
(a guttural gasp)
No...

CHRISSIE POV: Hoyt calmly approaches, a look of passive grace on his contorted face.

HOYT
Now now now. .ain't nearly as bad as you think.

CHRISSIE POV: We sink deeper into the corner, grabbing Bailey, protecting her like a momma bear might a cub.

HOYT (CONT'D)
We don't mean you any harm.

But he giggles when he says this as

CHRISSIE throws a punch that harmlessly grazes Hoyt's ear, angering Leatherface who abandons Bailey in order to tend to Chrissie

CHRISSIE POV Leatherface's fist SMASHES into us, delivering us to instantaneous **DARKNESS.**

HOLD.

Hear the *SNIP-SNIP-SNIP* of scissors, before we

SLOW FADE UP: ON

CHRISSIE POV: And the darkness slowly evaporates, ceding to a hazy, kaleidoscope of light, eyes acclimating to -

104 **INT. DINING ROOM NIGHT** 104

CHRISSIE'S POV: Supper time. We discern the source of that *snip-snip-snip*: Luda Mae's cutting BAILEY's flaxen locks.

An odd and arresting sight, Bailey sits subservient to this subversive behavior.

POV PAN TO DEAN, mildly sentient(comparatively speaking) he blinks back at us. More bruises donned than clothing.

POV PAN beside us; UNCLE MONTY. Head flailing loosely, the by-product of ambulatory surgery bereft of palliatives.

Before Chrissie, at the table, a bowl of inscrutable porridge. Some inedible delicacy we dare not ponder.

A SOUND(OS)rivets Chrissie's head up to see the dining room door open, HOYT emerging; cooking mitts donned, he carries a pot of something towards the table.

HOYT places the pot down, a hideous smell assaulting our senses before he resides imperiously at the head of the table.

And it takes a moment for Chrissie to understand the gravity of it all, that snipping sound finally ceasing before we see

BAILEY, newly shorn of hair. The once beautiful rendered beastly.

DEAN (O.S.)

Chris.

DEAN. He offers a blood-stained smile. A last ditch attempt at a fast-fading humanity.

HOYT (O.S.)
Shut 'yer mouth. Ain't no talkin' 'til we say grace, boy.

HOYT. In all his deluded glory, a bib newly applied. Alternately absurd and abhorrent.

HOYT (CONT'D)
Let us give thanks for this bounty we've been given. This family has endured through adversity and pain, we have endured and we have overcome. And the Lord has provided because we have provided for ourselves. So it is; so it shall be. *Amen.*

A medley of "amens" follow, Chrissie trying to shed the feed-wire that constrains her.

CHRISSIE
Y-you people are. .s-sick. You're fucking sick. Every one of you.

Luda Mae tellingly bows her head. *A hint of conscience?*

HOYT
You and yours have to pay for what you done us. This is redemption, that's what this is.

He punctuates this with a CACKLE, shooting a glance to

BAILEY, who lolls in and out of consciousness.

HOYT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
This one's just gonna be eatin' soup for a while...

With this, right on cue, Bailey opens her mouth to expose her scarlet-stained gums. Devoid of teeth.

Safe to conclude they've all been knocked out. Equally safe to conclude "the procedure" was done devoid of pain killers.

CHRISSIE, closes her eyes for a prolonged period. Longing to keep them clenched forever. To never have to see these sights. To banish them from her mind, from her memory.

But, alas, when she opens them. .everything's just as she left it. A never-ending nightmare.

But her pathos goes the way of the wind. These are intransigent folks, compromise an impossibility.

CHRISSIE
Do what you're gonna do, you fucking degenerates.

Hoyt's eyes turn to embers, deeply offended, about to speak

LUDA MAE
You will not sit here and speak ill of this family.

And Hoyt nods countenance before Luda Mae spoons "soup" into Monty's agape mouth...portions dribbling out, onto him.

LUDA MAE (CONT'D)
(nearly force feeding him)
Come on now, you'd best coat 'yer belly.

But the porridge only drips from his limp lips, as we

FAVOR CHRISSIE, in the epicenter of the insanity. The proverbial guest of honor, she quietly inspects her body no discernible wounds.

But she feels something behind her, in the corner, surfacing from darkness. .LEATHERFACE. Heed the WHEEZING of his breath.

HOYT eyes him, a puppet to a puppeteer. Guiding him forth.

And we watch as Leatherface ambles towards Bailey who shivers and shakes, looking to Chrissie for assistance.

And Chrissie can barely watch, trying to rid herself of the wire, knowing full well what awaits Bailey.

BAILEY
No...Please, no.

FAVOR BAILEY, as Leatherface's heavy steps simply, dauntingly, STOP. And his shadow remains over her, stretching across the table.

BAILEY (CONT'D)
Chrissie, please. .PLEASE.

And Bailey tics a glance to her left, a stark realization: The scissors that were there a moment before. .GONE.

And Luda Mae looks tellingly away as she murmurs:

LUDA MAE
Free her, child.

Newline Cinema

LEATHERFACE'S PAW comes into frame, THE SCISSORS in its grip, right before HE SLITS HER THROAT.

So simple and savage that there's no time to scream before Bailey's head flops down on the table.

OVERHEAD SHOT

Bailey's blood pools around the table-cloth, a gruesome halo.

And Chrissie, ruefully resigned, simply clutches her lids as if they were fists, tears bleeding down.

HOYT
(to Leatherface; Re: Chrissie)
Take that one downstairs for dessert.

Chrissie casts a quick glance at the table leg nearest her. Carved of thin wood, it looks tenuous.

Testing its constitution, Chrissie offers a stern kick. And then another. And another still.

HOYT (CONT'D)
What the hell you doin'?

One more stab and the leg bends, cracking in two the items atop the table sliding off...

Little utility, it flusters Hoyt to no end. A shot from Chrissie's bow. An act of strength and defiance.

Soup floods the floor, bowls upturned, silverware scattered.

Leaving Hoyt no choice but to angrily shoot up from his chair, backing up from the table and its Chrissie crafted mayhem.

LEATHERFACE angers, GRUNTING as he steps to the inert Chrissie, grabbing a firm grip of her arms and tearing her free.

.Away from the wire. .away from Eric.

And Chrissie screams fitfully, flung over the beast's shoulder as Dean sits still as stone, frozen in Hoyt's watchful eye.

Facing Dean, Chrissie howls for help that he can't provide, pounding her fists into Leatherface's back to little effect.

And Dean simply EXPIRES, a gurgle emitted before his head flops to the table; an anti-climactic end. An envious death.

And Chrissie SCREAMS, having seen enough death for a lifetime.

Luda Mae howls after her retreading form

LUDA MAE
Can't you see, he ain't with us no more!

FOLLOW LEATHERFACE AND CHRISSIE as they push through

105 **INT. KITCHEN NIGHT** 105

Missiling, no doubt, towards the basement. .our girl along for the ride, defenseless to it all, UNTIL

She eyes the butcher-block full of LONG KNIVES, her last hope reaching out, straining, grazing, and finally - -

GRABBING THE LAST AVAILABLE KNIFE

Nearly fumbling it on the way up before gripping it firmly and slamming it down into the small of Leatherface's back

Plunging the blade deep into his meat. To little effect. Amazingly, Leatherface keeps going.

Seemingly infallible, UNTIL

He slows. And then nearly stops. A rusty battleship arduously treading water. .still. .barely. .persisting.

But his tentativeness only inspires Chrissie, gives her unseen strength. Makes her stab another blow into his back.

And then, all at once, he crumples to a knee, instantly enervated. Pawing blindly at the small of his back.

Providing Chrissie with the perfect opportunity TO GET THE FUCK OFF THIS RIDE.

And Chrissie staggers from his flaccid grip, sliding across the blood-addled floor before finding her footing, and

RUNNING LIKE HELL

Exiting the kitchen as we catch a glimpse of Leatherface rising to a wobbly stand.

106 **INT. HALLWAY DOWNSTAIRS NIGHT** 106

Chrissie sprints past, a virtual blur ready to flee this wretched place, until

HOYT steps into frame. At the end of the hall. Blocking the front door. History repeating itself. Not as farce. As tragedy.

CHRISSIE slams on the proverbial brakes, Hoyt grinning maliciously.

But she's getting out of here. No matter what. Wheeling into the room to her right. .no go.

Turning back, facing Hoyt. And we see a sick salvation in her eye as she begins to SPRINT RIGHT FOR HOYT.

Into his ostensible arms before veering off, as we see what she sees; what she's aiming for, and we PUSH IN ON:

A GLASS WINDOW IN THE LIVING ROOM. Eight feet tall and seemingly impenetrable. A sick salvation.

And Hoyt has little time to react, left to watch as EVERYTHING GOES SILENT.

An eery authenticity, an ethereal calm, as Chrissie SPRINTS through the plate-glass window with a wince-inducing

107

107 **EXT. HEWITT HOUSE - NIGHT**

CRASH! Chrissie EXPLODES in a hailstorm of glass and limbs, falling ten feet(SLO-MO)to the hard and jagged grass, her body a farrago of colors. Dirty green grass. Bright red blood.

Imbued with angst and adrenaline, running on fucking fumes, she miraculously manages to make it to her feet.

.Nearly oblivious to the rictus of glass imbedded in her body. More important things to tend to.

108

108 **EXT. FIELDS NIGHT**

She stumbles across the desiccated fields, lost in the wilderness, vanishing from view as the CAMERA shifts back to

109

109 EXT. THE FRONT PORCH NIGHT

Just as Hoyt rumbles onto the deck, Luda Mae sidling up beside him. Surveying the vast and verdant landscape.

LUDA MAE
She gon' tell people what we done, she gon' tell 'em all.

Before Hoyt can refute or respond

LEATHERFACE bursts through the door, trusty chainsaw in hand. Heaving with an adrenal buzz(or is that sheer excitement?)

No longer in need of commands he needn't even glance Hoyt s way Leatherface is off like a shot, his herniated limp an ever-present reminder of the debt he owes Chrissie.

HOYT
And the hour shall come when every boy shall become a man.

The camera staggers slightly behind LEATHERFACE as he rumbles through the waist-high fields, exhibiting surprising speed.

STAY behind him for a solid ten or fifteen seconds; a predator exuberantly in search of its prey.

This is the Leatherface we've come to know, pursuing his manifest destiny, before we CUT TO:

110 **INT. KITCHEN - HEWITT HOUSE NIGHT** 110

Abandoned. Lonely. Barren. Save the pots and pans. A post Thanksgiving dinner from hell.

BUZZING insects infecting the soundtrack as we drift diaphanously over the splattered floors, and into

111 **INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT** 111

.Where we SETTLE ON the odd and unnerving sight of DEAN and UNCLE MONTY. Seated at the empty and uneven table.

One dead. The other ambulatory.

And then, stranger still, the dead awakens.

DEAN. Alive all along. Biding his time.

Head raised, limbs emancipated, he woozily stands, alerting the equally groggy Uncle Monty.

UNCLE MONTY
Playin' possum all along, huh.

On his feet now, striving for some semblance of balance, Dean tries to blink himself awake. Scouring the landscape for escape, nearly oblivious to the immobilized Monty.

UNCLE MONTY (CONT'D)
We ain't done with you yet, you fuckin' pussy. .ya' hear me?!

And Dean's about to bail. Before he stops. And backtracks.

His palm a fist, he PUNCHES Monty awkwardly in the head, the old man flopping off the chair and onto the ground as Dean bolts through the kitchen doors, and we CUT TO:

112 **EXT. WOODS - NIGHT** 112

A moonless night. An endless field.

A serene scene, not even a cricket stirs before -

CHRISSIE flashes past, THE CAMERA MOVING with her, sprinting with abandon, the long-neglected weeds harassing her as we.

DRIFT BACK. .BACK. .BACK.

Fifty yards or so, until THE CAMERA PICKS UP WITH LEATHERFACE, his chainsaw chewing up the fields in preparation.

Closing the gap, his grunts growing louder, more atavistic.

113 **EXT. BACK OF THE HOUSE NIGHT** 113

Its enormity evident until we PAN DOWN to see DEAN escaping its clutches, a denizen of downtown Tokyo fleeing Godzilla.

PICK UP ON DEAN

Resembling a hand puppet without a hand, his body flops oddly as he runs. Limbs flailing all about, back likely broken.

His mere movement in testament to the human spirit.

No one in sight, home free, he staggers towards the fields, ready to leave this world behind before he heeds -

THE BUZZ OF THE CHAINSAW

Distant but resonant. A sound he'll take to the grave, it makes him stop in is tracks. And deliberate.

Beginning anew, as we CUT BACK TO:

114 **EXT. FIELDS - ON THE RUN WITH LEATHERFACE** 114

His breath haggard but equanimous, an odd melody to it, he closes in on his prey, that chainsaw informing the night.

Slashing through a wall of weeds, his movements easy to track due to the explosions of vines around him.

CRANE UP

To see Chrissie, her lead reduced to a mere 20 yards, heading towards a haven up ahead.

CRANE UP HIGHER

To see a large stretch of grass just in the distance. An odd piece of architecture until we see *what the fuck.* ?

Goal posts. Tilted at uneven angles like oversized pitch forks. The only indicator that this was once a field.

A football field, to be precise.

CRANE UP HIGHER STILL

To see the antiquated, squalid edifice beyond it. Once, long ago, A SCHOOL HOUSE.

STAY ON THIS VAUNTED VIEW

As we see Chrissie enter onto the field, Leatherface blazing through shortly thereafter, before we - CUT TO:

115 **EXT. FIELD - SCHOOL - NIGHT** 115

And now, closer in, we see the untended grass is rife with debris. A virtual obstacle-course comprised of unwanted items. Tires. Desks. Steel shafts.

And here's Chrissie. Running precariously through it all.

But, alas, an errant sheet of steel slices her ankle, sending our gal to the ground - where she pockets a jagged piece of steel before rising and running anew.

LEATHERFACE exhibits no such trepidation. While Chrissie goes around items, he goes through them.

And Chrissie staggers desperately through

THE END ZONE

Running past the twisted, spooky goal posts and into the

116 **INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAY CONTINUOUS** 116

WIDE SHOT: Empty. And silent.

Until we hear the pitter-patter of shoes on the linoleum. CHRISSIE sprinting wildly past a wall of lockers before

Realizing the floor is tattered and infused with random holes. This realization occurring just before

She stumbles over the treacherous terrain, a HOLE snagging her. She gets up growling.

Running back down the corridor, before we CUT TO:

117 **INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY CONTINUOUS** 117

Empty. Inverted. HOLD.

118 **INT. AUDITORIUM SCHOOL CONTINUOUS** 118

Rickety desks piled high on top of one another. HOLD.

119 **INT. GYMNASIUM - SCHOOL CONTINUOUS** 119

The rafters smashed together, there's no room to move. A nearly apocalyptic sight. HOLD.

120 **INT. CLASSROOM CONTINUOUS** 120

Comparatively well preserved, the chalk-board rife with disturbing scrawl, we TILT DOWN to see - -

There's no floor here. CONCAVE. As if a meteor hit. HOLD.

121 **INT. INDOOR SWIMMING POOL - CONTINUOUS** 121

A gaping hole in the roof in the shape of a god-like gunshot permits a shard of moonlight to fall down onto

THE POOL

At least, it was once a pool. Now, nearly desiccated save a shallow line of grimy liquid, its become a repository for deflated basketballs and errant equipment.

Floating islands of dead birds and dilapidated muck.

A trapezoid of light precedes Leatherface as he enters the arena, stalking the sides of the pool, the chainsaw taking a momentary rest; the silence LOUD.

LEATHERFACE moves through it all, his shadow stretching across the ceiling, making him look downright mythic.

His head on a swivel, beady eyes ticking wildly about, he moves past the pool, as we

SETTLE IN THE WATER

Still and serene, a green nearly phosphorescent glow reverberates off its surface.

And just as we're wondering why the hell we're here for such a prolonged period, we discern

TWO EYES

Auburn. Quite beautiful, actually. Peering up through the filthy water. The outline of lips and a nose discernible.

CHRISSIE, floating in the water. Amidst the islands. Teeth chattering, she closes her lids. Waits for the monster to pass.

LEATHERFACE lingers by the exit, instinct in overdrive, staring at that pool and the movement within it.

Before a bird BURSTS out from the debris, flying asunder, escaping through that big hole in the sky...

CHRISSIE POV: We watch the bird as it sails enviously away, an ethereal sight before we remember

LEATHERFACE, still in the room. Scouring about, his trademark WHEEZE allowing us to track him, thankfully fading before he EXITS.

WAIT.

WAIT.

WAIT SOME MORE(just to be sure).

And finally, Chrissie surfaces with a gasp as we see how shallow that water really is.

Waist high, she treads back towards the edge, gaze trained on Leatherface's exit point.

Resting against the pool s side barrier, she bows her head taking belated note of

A REFLECTION

Off the pool s watery surface. Behind her. On the concrete ledge. Looming in all his shimmering glory.

LEATHERFACE. We barely have time to see the chainsaw in his hand, held high, REVVED to life, slamming down just before

CHRISSIE juts out of the way, the chainsaw carving a crevice in the pool granite where she was a moment before.

And she treads furiously across the pool, exhuming her battered body, slipping yet again, and sprinting out.

LEATHERFACE, the chainsaw shooting sparks, lustfully pursues

122 **INT. ROOM - MOMENTS LATER** 122

Chrissie sprints into a connecting office, glancing back before she takes note of where she is.

And what's in it.

Namely ANIMALS. More specifically, animal carcasses. HANGING. Dogs. Cats. Possums.

Skeletal and long eroded, they let us know Leatherface's childhood proclivities. And his familiarity with the place.

And they provide a gruesome obstacle course for Chrissie as we go to(POV/HAND-HELD) trying to push through the gaggle of dangling animals, inadvertently bumping several as.

.Some swing on their own accord, spooking Chrissie as

LEATHERFACE pursues, the chainsaw ROARING, as we CUT TO:

123 **INT. HALLWAY CHRISSIE RUNS** 123

A low, involuntary WAIL heard beneath the beat of her heart.

THE CHAINSAW flailing out, nearly grazing her, inches away.

LEATHERFACE gaining ground, about to smite her from this earth, before

A PLANK OF WOOD appears out of nowhere. SLAMMING into the side of his head with a swing that Ted Williams would envy.

Stunned, Leatherface drops the chainsaw to the ground. Staggers back, slightly woozy. Looking up to see

DEAN. Only the remnants of the plank in hand. A tooth pick.

And Chrissie stops. Shocked to see that her friend double-backed for her. Moving to his aid before

DEAN

NO! GO!

Dean looks to that chainsaw. On the floor. Turned off it looks decidedly less intimidating. So much so that he -

Picks it up. Turns to the still inert Chrissie.

DEAN (CONT'D)

GO!

But Chrissie stays. Unable to leave her friend behind. Watching as Dean laboriously lifts the chainsaw.

.Struggling to start the tool. Unable to do so. Howling back at Chrissie yet again

DEAN (CONT'D)
FUCKING GO!

He tries to start the chainsaw to no avail. Another vicious tug still nada.

LEATHERFACE walks calmly towards him. Grabs a firm grip of Dean's wrist.

CRACK. Breaking the bone with ease. Before reaching over and starting the chainsaw with his free hand...

.Spinning Dean around so that he faces Chrissie.

CHRISSIE POV: Dean staring at us, wide-eyes growing wider when THE CHAINSAW BLADE pierces through his belly.

But Leatherface isn't done yet, Dean ascends as if in a macabre production of Peter Pan, hoisted by the chainsaw.

Right before he's flung to the side like a rag-doll.

LEATHERFACE looks instantly down the hall to see. .<u>no sign Chrissie</u>.

Pre-dawn light bleeds into the empty hallway.

Rabid, Leatherface stalks further down the corridor to the spot where she was a moment before.

He stops. Looks. Listens.

And then, there, up ahead. .Chrissie appears. As if in challenge. A matador to a bull.

And Leatherface surges ahead, nearly salivating, ready to disembowel and dismember.

But Chrissie, despite the coming storm, stays still. In fact, she instigates:

CHRISSIE
(teeth-grit)
Let s get this fucking over with.

Which only emboldens him, makes him surge closer never suspecting a trap as he steps into the newly concealed HOLE that snared Chrissie when she first entered this place.

Plunging down, off balance, seemingly stuck, he loses his chainsaw and Chrissie seizes the opportunity to run past

Only Leatherface's reach is LONG, grabbing a hold of her, the two toppling over as we see something GLEAMING in Chrissie's hand

THE STEEL SHARD

Snagged from the field. A shiv.

Intrepid, in close quarters, Chrissie tears the Eric-mask off Leatherface just before her de-facto dagger - -

Slashes out, slicing Leatherface's nose right off with a mist of blood and an inhuman HOWL of pain.

Just enough of a distraction to allow her to elude his grip and sprint down the hallway, unaccosted.

LONG-SHOT: Chrissie running. .running. .running.

BURSTING through the double doors at the end of the hall, light piercing through, as we - - CUT TO:

124 **EXT. SCHOOL - FIELDS - - PRE-DAWN** 124

VAUNTED VIEW: And we look down, squinting through walls of thick MIST, nearly camouflaging

ON CHRISSIE, as she runs further and further away, diminishing in the distance, lost to the human eye, before we TIME CUT TO:

125 **EXT. ROAD - - DAWN** 125

And we're behind Chrissie, tracking along. Tough to say how long she's been running that mist is still formidable, until.

. .It dissipates, a world outside coming clear, the fog instantly evaporated as

CHRISSIE STOPS on sight of a quaint CABIN. Just in the distance. After all she's been through, it feels like a mirage.

SFX: KNOCK-KNOCK.

Entire Content

126 **EXT. CABIN - DAWN** 126

The sun just rising behind her, Chrissie knuckles the thin wood door, eyeing the florid matt by her feet: "*WELCOME*"

And the door opens revealing a woman you might or might not recognize as HENRIETTA. An affable grin on her thin face that quickly melts on sight of Chrissie's tattered state.

HENRIETTA
Are you alright, child? What happened?

Chrissie can't form the words, locked in her larynx, sputtering unintelligible syllables.

Out of breath. Exasperated. Incoherent.

HENRIETTA (CONT'D)
It's okay. .come on in, girl...we'll tend to you.

And she gently takes Chrissie by the elbow, shepherding her in as we catch a glimpse of the well-appointed interior.

A woman rocks in an overtaxed chair in the living room.

TEA LADY
My-my-my.

And Chrissie's beyond the door's threshold, as we

STAY OUTSIDE. Just long enough to have the front-door. SLAMMED in our face. HOLD for a second, before

THE CAMERA SLOWLY

Drifts back, abandoning Chrissie inside, before we

FADE TO:

127 **EXT. HIGHWAY 17 DAY - - LONG SHOT** 127

Another day. Today. Any day.

The lonely stretch of asphalt, reaching from here to oblivion.

And still, despite its barren composition, we can't help but feel like someone else is here.

Newline Cinema

WOMAN'S VOICE
(filtered)
Sheila still hasn't called. Was s'posed to be here two days ago.

Over the following, we'll hear a medley of disembodied voices lamenting lost loved ones; an ode to the fallen and forgotten.

FADE TO:

128 **EXT. GAS-STATION/GENERAL STORE - DAY - LONG SHOT** 128

No one in sight. Nothing but a broken gas-pump. And a wilting cabin. And the whisper of the wind.

MAN'S VOICE
(filtered)
All due respect but she's a bit of a wild one. I'm sure she'll turn up in a few days with less money and more problems.

FADE TO:

129 **EXT. JUNK-YARD - DAY - LONG SHOT** 129

And business has improved since we were last here. A few more gutted cars in the graveyard (a few motorcycles, too)

MAN'S VOICE
(filtered)
Texas Police Department.

WOMAN'S VOICE
(filtered)
My husband, he ain't been home. Ain't like him to just go up and missing. I know something's wrong, I know it in my bones.

MAN'S VOICE
(filtered)
Hold, please.

FADE TO:

130 **EXT. HIGHWAY 17 NIGHT LONG SHOT** 130

A VW sits by the side of the road, hindered by some untold problem. A pretty coed outside the car. Waiting for help. Rosary beads at work in her delicate hand.

WOMAN'S VOICE
(filtered)
He said he'd call from the road, but I ain't heard a thing.

CLOSER ANGLE ON THE VOLKSWAGON HAZARD LIGHTS BLINKING

Rhythmic and relentless, they pulse like an urgent heart.

ANOTHER WOMAN'S VOICE
(filtered)
Oh, I'm sure you're worrying over nothing.

FADE TO:

131 **EXT. GENERAL STORE - DAY** 131

A Station Wagon parked out front, two small children in the back. Palms to plexiglas.

MAN'S VOICE
(filtered)
Karen, when you hear from your sister you have her call me, okay?

FADE TO:

132 **EXT. JUNK-YARD DAY - - LONG SHOT** 132

Cars begin to pile-up, that stripped Station Wagon among them. Expanding exponentially.

WOMAN'S VOICE
(filtered)
I am telling you, officer, something's happened to my little girl. Ain't like her.

FADE TO:

133 **EXT. HIGHWAY 17 DUSK** 133

Empty. Arid. Abandoned.

MAN'S VOICE
(filtered)
I'm sure she's just fine, ma'am. Kids sometimes just do these things.

CLOSER ON THE ASPHALT

Look closely and you ll see remnants of rosary beads. Scattered all about the road like marbles.

FADE TO:

134 **EXT. JUNKYARD NIGHT** 134

More cars still. Including a stripped and sunken VW.

MAN'S VOICE
Everything's gonna be just fine.

FADE TO:

135 **EXT. HIGHWAY 17 DUSK - ELEVATED ANGLE** 135

A van blurs by beneath us, the cackle of kids escaping through cranked open windows.

STAY ON the road they leave behind...

MAN'S VOICE
You got nothing to worry about.

And over this seemingly serene but inexplicably tense visage, we CUE A Perfect Circle's haunted version of the classic "*What's So Funny 'Bout(Peace Love & Understanding)*" and

FADE OUT:

Newline Cinema